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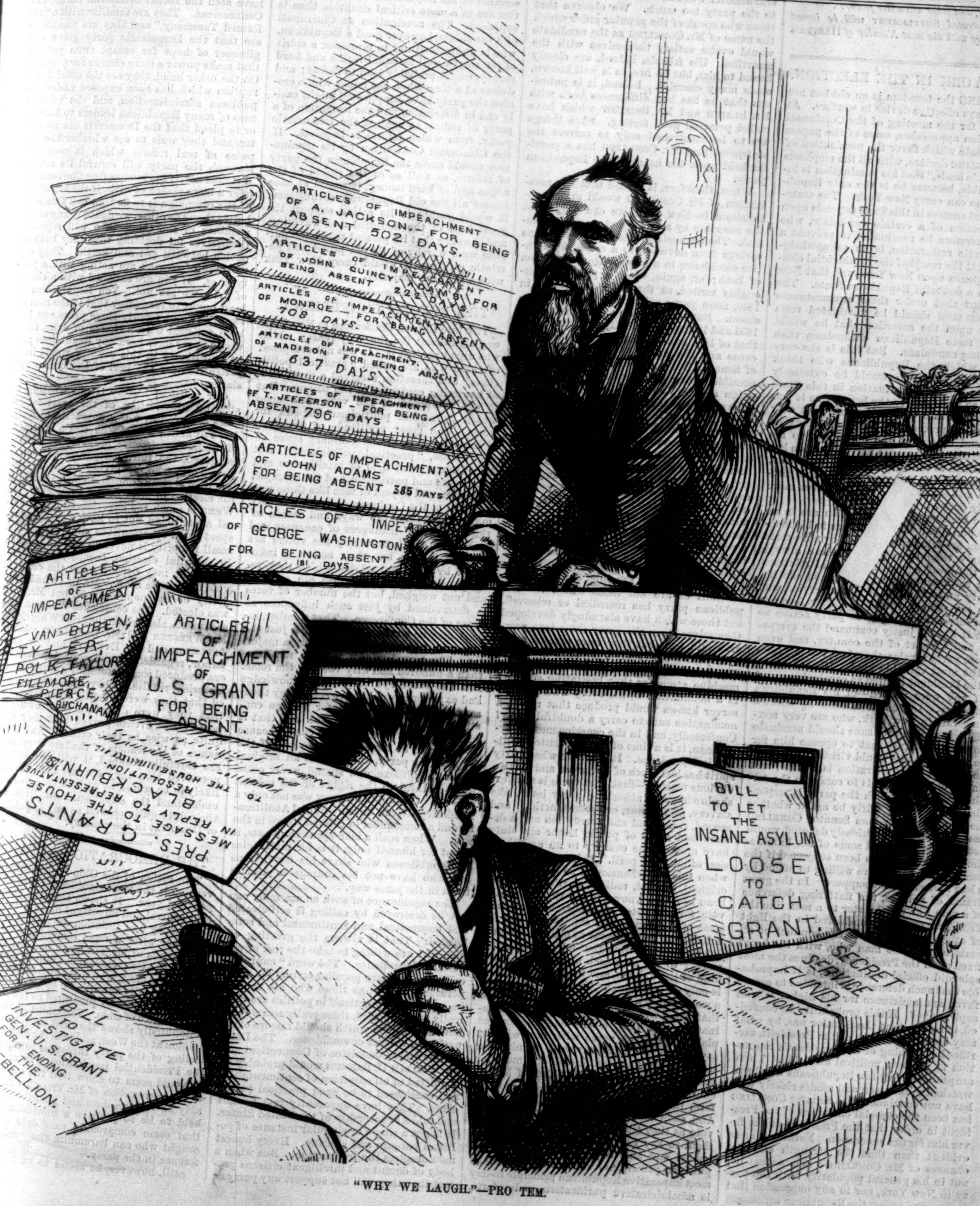
ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT OF A. JACKSON.—FOR BEING ABSENT 502 DAYS.
ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS FOR BEING ABSENT 222 DAYS.
ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT OF MONROE—FOR BEING ABSENT 708 DAYS.
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BILL TO INVESTIGATE GEN. U. S. GRANT FOR ENDING THE REBELLION.

"WHY WE LAUGH."—PRO TEM.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 3, 1876.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a splendid double-page engraving,*

"THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW,"

a sketch of Colonel Delancey Kane's *Coach on the road, and other attractive features.*

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

NEW YORK IN THE ELECTION.

Beating the tom-tom is an old but not always effective device in warfare. As the time for the meeting of the Cincinnati Convention approaches, some of the papers in this State which favor the nomination of Mr. Conkling declare, with all the emphasis of "double leads," that his nomination is indispensable, because he is the only Republican who can carry New York. The statement that success in this State depends upon the selection of a certain candidate, who must therefore be nominated to prevent a Democratic restoration, is an acknowledgment that the result of the Presidential election depends upon New York, and that New York is a doubtful Republican State. The argument that under these circumstances Mr. Conkling should be nominated rests wholly upon the assertion that he would kindle more Republican enthusiasm than any other candidate. But this is the very thing which the Republicans who think that his nomination would be extremely unwise deny. The situation in this State is not so favorable to the Senator as it was when the State Convention met, not only because its proceedings disclosed the existence and extent of the opposition to his nomination, but because party attention has been called to the reasons of the opposition, and because the real character of this campaign and his relation to it have been more clearly defined.

The reasons of the opposition are in no sense personal. The objections to his nomination are felt and expressed by none more strongly than by those who have always had the most agreeable personal relations with the Senator, who gladly concede his ability and his kind of party service, but who see plainly that his ability has not been directed to shape the party action so that it should justly command the sympathy and support of the country, and even whose party service, therefore, has not been of the most valuable kind. His constancy to the President is cited as conclusive proof—if any were needed—of his Republican orthodoxy. Indeed, it is said by shrewd Democrats in New York, who are very anxious that the Republicans should nominate Senator Conkling, that to oppose him for the reason that he would virtually continue the present Administration is absurd, and that to object to him is to condemn the Administration for which the party is responsible. But it may fairly be asked whether the President, to whom Senator Conkling has been almost obsequiously devoted, would not have been spared some of the humiliations to which he has been subjected if the Senator had been more willing to offend by a less indiscriminate support. In the great drama of politics, the flattering deference of a man like the Senator to a man like the President must be considered in the light of other facts. If it is the conduct of an ambitious public man who, with his heart fixed upon the Presidency, declines the most splendid official distinctions, is it improbable that such deference is intended to secure favor and assistance for his higher official aspirations? If this probability be conceded, it results that the Senator has, by what may be called flattery of the President, sacrificed something of the President's reputation to his own political ambition. There are probably very few Republicans who have watched public men and affairs closely who have not concluded that Senator Conkling has been the especial champion of the President in order that the President might favor him for the succession. Nothing is more evident than that the strength and the chances of Mr. Conkling's nomination lie, not in his general popularity with the party in New York, nor in any impression that he has made upon the Republican sentiment of the country, but wholly in the party drill and discipline, and in the skillful direction of what is called the machine, while the President, as the source of appointment, is the chief of the machine.

We are not aware that Mr. Conkling has any exceptional popularity in the State. He is, indeed, a very effective public speaker, and his stumping tour of 1872 was very brilliant. But it must be remembered that while the State was carried that year by fifty thousand majority, two years later, in 1874, although Mr. Conkling was the orator of the nominating Convention, and afterward took part in the canvass, the State was lost by fifty thousand majority. The Senator's eloquence and popularity could not stay the amazing apparent change of a hundred thousand votes; and we ventured to say at that time, in commenting upon his speech in Brooklyn, in which he said that he didn't understand belonging to a party a little, that a great deal of the general disaster was due to those who belonged to the party too much. We observe that those who speak of the popular ardor which the name of Mr. Conkling as the candidate would evoke satisfy themselves with the assertion. His friends, indeed, are closely bound to him, but he has, as is well known, made many enemies. Indeed, it is notorious that he has had differences both with Mr. Blaine and Mr. Bristow which have ended personal good feeling. Such things are to be mentioned only to correct the statement that Mr. Conkling has a peculiar hold upon the heart of the Republican party.

When, therefore, it is said that the nomination of Mr. Conkling would arouse enthusiasm in New York, we can only meet the assertion by a direct and reasonable denial. The enthusiasm that carries elections springs from devotion to a cause, from entire confidence in a man, or from the union of both; or, again, when a party is thoroughly united, as the Whig party was in 1840, mere party spirit may supply enthusiasm. But the Republican enthusiasm of 1856 and 1860 sprang wholly from the cause, that of 1864 and 1868 from the union of the cause and the man. Now, the nomination of Senator Conkling would chill the only possible spring of enthusiasm in this campaign among New York Republicans—the hope and purpose of administrative reform. We do not say that this is the only issue they bear in mind. But they feel, with all intelligent citizens, that what is more needed than any thing else for the moral and therefore the material welfare of the country, without which honest money and honest regard for the negro at the South can not be expected, is a thorough reform of the administrative system, and they see that Senator Conkling is in no sense whatever a representative of that reform. His nomination could not touch the real source of enthusiasm in the canvass. Those Republicans who feel that the chief evils that now confront us are not those which the Republican party has remedied or removed, but those which have alarmingly developed themselves since the party came into power, would feel that they were thrown upon a desperate alternative. Would that kindle enthusiasm? Would the noise of the machine atone for that hesitating silence? Is a nomination which every watchful observer knows would produce that result, a nomination sure to carry a doubtful State? Confessedly, and in the consciousness of every man, it is a time of unprecedented political independence. It is a time when party spirit has lost much of its power, and for two obvious reasons—first, that there is no overshadowing and absorbing party issue, like slavery, or the war, or reconstruction; and second, that fraud and corruption and a demoralized sense of public honor and duty have aroused the country to an apprehension of national peril. It is a time, indeed, when this apprehension is so deep that an original, earnest, radical, patriotic Republican has been known to say that he would vote for a reputable Democrat as against some of the Republican candidates, and for a disreputable Democrat as against others.

This seems extravagant folly, but it is no answer to say that such a man is a pretty kind of Republican, and that in any case he is only an individual. The fact is that such a man is often a very much older Republican than some who are mentioned for the nomination, and that where one speaks out plainly, hundreds agree with him without saying so. Mr. Conkling's nomination would be the final convincing argument for such Republicans that Mr. Bird, of Massachusetts, is right, and that the hope of reform lies outside of the Republican party. And such men will all vote together, and vote as they think. Is it any argument to them to say that Senator Conkling is an honest and able man, and faithful to Republican principles? They answer that the most inperative Republican principle to-day is administrative purification and reform, and that Mr. Conkling is inextricably associated with the system to be purified. This is what Mr. Adams meant in saying that he was too much connected with rings, not that he had made money illicitly or accepted favors that would influence his vote. Nor could it be truly alleged that Mr. Conkling is no more identified and associated with the evil system than all other Republicans. The party, as we have heretofore stated, has been notoriously divided upon the question of reform, and Senator Conkling is precisely not the leader to whom the hope of reform has ever turned or could turn for sympathy and support.

We are compelled, therefore, to differ wholly from our Republican friends who declare that Mr. Conkling's nomination would kindle great Republican enthusiasm in the State of New York. As a candidate he would receive the regulation Republican vote and no more. But the Republican and other vote that he would not receive is exactly that which is indispensable for the election of the Republican candidate. Parties are in a more critical situation than is supposed. The nomination at Cincinnati of a candidate, however good a Republican, who is understood not to represent a spirit of reform, as well as equal rights and hard money, would probably lead to defeat; and defeat at a time when the issues which created the party have disappeared might easily end in dissolution and the formation of a party of reform as against the Democratic party, from which reform is hopeless. If the Cincinnati Convention by its nomination should make the Republican the party of reform, as well as of the rights of the negro and of hard money, it would at once arouse all the old Republican enthusiasm; it would gather to its active support the great host of the doubtful and wavering, and showing that its present spirit and purpose were worthy of its old proud and patriotic services, it would carry New York with a Lincoln majority.

THE REFORM CONFERENCE.

The late Reform Conference in New York was significant for the very reason which was urged against it. It was not composed of those who are called "practical politicians," and therefore received a great deal of bantering contempt in the papers. But it was composed of the very class upon which "practical politicians" depend for votes. The great multitude of American citizens are not, in the ordinary sense of the phrase, "practical politicians." But they have a great deal of intelligence and good sense and patriotism, and the example, character, and appeal of men like those represented at the Conference affect them very much more than the ways and words of the "practical" managers of caucuses and conventions. Undoubtedly the voters act through parties, but their action is influenced by men and advice which they respect. It is true that votes are counted and not weighed, but the number of votes is determined by just such influences as those of the Conference. That number, indeed, may be a minority. But it is just the minority that makes either party a majority. The reporters saw, perhaps, not more than a hundred and fifty votes in the room. But the surer eye of political knowledge and experience would have seen many thousands. Each man stood for a large constituency. Colonel Higginson said that it had cost him a great effort to come, because by so doing he seemed to come out of the Republican party, and he was an original Black Republican, and should never cease to be faithful to the rights of the colored citizens. Colonel Higginson was not only a Black Republican, but an original Abolitionist and a commander of colored troops in the war. When such a man speaks and acts, it is not for himself only, it is for multitudes of Republicans who share his convictions but who have not his courage to declare them in the same way.

The significance of such an assembly can not be destroyed by calling it self-elected and unpractical and sentimental and soreheaded. That is always the greeting of men who are willing to take the risk of political independence. The word "unpractical" seems to have peculiar terrors for some persons. But when those who are said to be especially "practical" in politics are critically contemplated, there really seems to be nothing in them which should inspire overpowering respect or confidence. The Democratic State Committee of Connecticut and Mr. William H. Barnum would probably be acquitted of all suspicion of sentimentality, and considered to be good practical politicians. They have apparently just bought and sold a Senatorship of the United States. It is not a single or singular instance of political bargain and chicane. Every honest man despises the transaction. But when a body of decent and intelligent citizens protest that they will not support any party or candidate who favors such things, they are pitied as unpractical. Let no young man be dismayed by the pity. Honesty is still better than fraud, and honest, patriotic, and sagacious men are better guides than political tricksters and jobbers. If it be unco guid to prefer honesty in office, then the Conference was Pharisaical. If it be dictation for American citizens to say that they will vote only for men who will be aggressively honest, then the members of the Conference were dictators.

It is also made a reproach to the gentlemen of the Conference that they do not act with one of the great parties. But certainly the critics who assume to be "practical" men should take men as they are. The gentlemen concerned desire to act with one of the parties if they can do so without sacrificing the patriotic ends which they wish to promote. But they wait to see whether that is possible. They have seen, with the rest of the country, the kind of person which the Democratic majority in the House has appointed to the offices of the House. They have seen the recent Senatorial bargain in Connecticut. They are familiar with a "reformed Tammany," and they are unable to see that the Democratic party gives any glimmer of hope for escape from politics that make power a mere chance for plunder. On the other hand, they see the official corruption which has been exposed under Republican administration, and the willingness of many Republican leaders to hide it, or to plead that the Democrats are no better, and they wait to see whether the impulse of real reform which is now felt through the party will control its action. If it does not, if the nominating Conventions offer a mere choice of evils, if the argument of the campaign is to be that one side is no better than the other, we doubt if any of the members of the Conference will reproach themselves for deciding that they have no choice between pot and kettle. They say to those of us who are acting within party lines, "If you are satisfied with a choice of evils, we are not. You Republicans at least ought to remember that if the men of twenty-two or twenty-three years ago had been satisfied with a choice of evils, there would never have been any Republican party, and liberty in this country would have perished under the heel of Democracy and slavery."

Our political history is not wanting in striking illustrations of the practical results achieved by a few unpractical people. Mr. Thurlow Weed, who was a spectator of the late Conference, probably recalled, as he gazed, the third-party men of 1844 in New York, who, by giving to Mr. Birney less than sixteen thousand votes, prevented the election of Mr. Clay as President. Mr. Weed is much too experienced and practical a politician not to have a profound respect for a conscientious minority. And a small minority is never so powerful as in a Presidential election, because, as in 1844, the result may depend upon the electoral vote of a single State. Mr. Clay had a majority of the popular vote, but Mr. Polk was elected. The conscience Whigs in Massachusetts, also, whom the great Whig chiefs, Mr. Webster and Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Appleton and Mr. Everett and Mr. Winthrop, regarded as unpractical disorganizers, produced some astonishing practical and historical results. They, also, were informed that they were wasting their force, and that they were defeating their own purposes. But events proved that they were quite as wise as their critics. And if the names of the leaders of the late Conference are carefully scanned, it will probably be perceived that they are not men who are likely to be scared by owls or bats, and who understand the situation, themselves, and their duty quite as well as any Republican or Democrat in the country.

THE DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN.

The action of the Ohio Democratic Convention is the most significant event of the political year. It shows that the party in that central and important State is still for soft money and inflation despite its defeat last year after a most searching canvass. The friends of Mr. Thurman had striven to control the Convention, but failed; and ex-Governor Allen, who was supposed to have been politically annihilated by the result of last year, is gravely presented as the Democratic choice of Ohio. The Ohio Convention undoubtedly shows the drift of Democratic opinion at the West, and thus the soft-money feeling of the party threatens to command the Presidential nomination. In any case it would seem to show that the opposition to the nomination of Mr. Tilden will probably be very resolute and plausible. He is held to be so positive a hard-money man that some compromise candidate may be sought who can harmonize the terrible difference in the party.

Still, however, he seems to us to be the strongest candidate that his party can nominate. The Albany *Evening Journal*, commenting upon our recent statement to that effect, regrets that we treat him as what he pretends to be, and that we did not expose what it deems his shallow pretensions as a reformer. But in what we said we were only showing his strength as a candidate from a Democratic point of view. That strength is neatly stated by the Buffalo *Express* in saying that the mass of the party is for him, and the politicians largely opposed to him. Besides, the very qualities, or supposed qualities, which make him strong with the mass of his party, commend him to a class of independent and floating voters which is now an army of observation. He is almost the only Democrat whom those voters would support. And were he the regular candidate of his party, he would have its full vote. When the St. Louis Convention meets, it will be clear to the wise men of the party that Mr. Tilden is the most available candidate, because he is unquestionably the one whom the very best element of his party prefers, and the only one who has any strength outside of it.

That he is supposed to be very much more of a reformer than he is, we do not deny. Mr. Tilden is personally an honest and enlightened man, but he is also a thorough Democratic politician. He was chairman of the Democratic State Committee during the whole period of the Tweed ascendency; and while he must have despised Tweed, he held relations with him and with the Ring of such a kind that Mr. Greeley did not hesitate to call him personally to account for the notorious frauds of 1868 which defeated John A. Griswold. Even when the *Times* made the conclusive revelations in regard to the Ring, and the great meeting was held which appointed the Committee of Seventy, Mr. Tilden did not attend. When it was evident that his party must be rid of all complicity with the Ring, Mr. Tilden did what as a good citizen he had doubtless long wished to do: he devoted himself tenaciously and with great ability to secure Tweed's conviction and punishment. We say that Mr. Tilden undoubtedly despised Tweed, and retained relations with him only so far as party exigency in his judgment required. But that is proof of the very assertion that he is a thorough partisan politician, and, as such, can have no claim to the support of those who especially protest against the sophistications and corruptions of party spirit.

Yet in politics men count for what they are supposed to be, and Mr. Tilden's course in the Tweed prosecution and in the canal exposures has made him, in the estimation of the best elements of his own party and of very many Republicans and independent voters, a representative of reform. That is the only possible issue that the Democrats can raise, and therefore his availability is apparent. The cry of Thurman and reform, Hendricks and reform, Bayard and reform, has no meaning whatever. But Tilden and reform will have a real significance to many more than the Democratic party, and we think, if the party managers are wise, they will not fail to raise it.

HOPEFUL SIGNS.

No one who was familiar with the facts of the effort for the reform of the civil service which the President recommended, which Congress authorized, and the principle of which the last National Republican Convention approved, could have been very much dismayed by the successful opposition to it. It failed for the time. But the failure was like the falling of the leaf and the winter torpor of the tree. It was not death or decay. The attention given to the subject had aroused the interest of many who had never seriously thought of it before. A powerful and enlightened public opinion was created, which events have constantly deepened and strengthened, so that now the one clearly defined demand of the patriotic intelligence of the country is the renewal and energetic prosecution of the work. Representative Republican journals in every part of the country boldly declare not merely for reform, but for a non-partisan civil service, without which reform is impracticable. The New York *Times*, which is the leading Republican journal in New York, pronounces frankly for it. The Boston *Journal*, the popular Republican newspaper of New England, and a strait party paper, openly declares for it. The Chicago *Tribune*, the Republican paper of the Northwest, is its powerful advocate. Local conventions expressly insist upon it. The great Republican clubs of New York and elsewhere demand it. The Reform Conference, after an earnest and eloquent speech from Mr. D. B. Eaton, the chairman of the Civil Service Commission, passed a detailed and admirable resolution upon the subject. The address of the Conference forcibly denounced the existing system as the chief source of political demoralization. Private political correspondence is full of recognition of the evil and of determination of action to remedy it. No one who ever looked carefully into the system, who knew its workings practically, who was familiar with our political history, and who had faith in the American people, ever doubted that the patriotism and sagacity of the people would sooner or later dispose of this mischief, as they have disposed of others.

It is to be noted that the declarations for any actual reform come from Republican sources. The Democrats, indeed, have said much of "administrative reform" and of honesty and fitness in office. But they have practically illustrated their views of reform in general by sending Messrs. Eaton, Cockrell, and Barnum to the Senate, and placing Hambleton, Fitzhugh, and others in subordinate posts. With the sole exception of Senator Gordon, who received no Democratic support for his proposition, no prominent Democrat, and no Democratic convention, or club, or journal, has ever declared distinctly for the non-partisan reform. The National Democratic Convention of 1872 repeated the Cincinnati resolution upon the subject, that the civil service should cease to be a matter of arbitrary favoritism and patronage; but such terms are general, and how they have been interpreted by the party the appointments in Washington and the letter of Fitzhugh amply show. All parties and politicians are willing to say that the offices should be filled only by the honest and capable. But they are careful to add that they hope there are honest and capable men enough in their own party to fill them. That is merely to say that the outs are as good as the ins; and the election thus becomes a fierce struggle for plunder.

The hopeful sign of the times is the distinct demand, not for virtue in general, but for distinct methods and detailed measures which will check extravagance and fraud, and choke the affluent source of political demoralization. But no fine form of words in a platform will satisfy this demand. We had that at Philadelphia and Baltimore in 1872, and we have seen what we have seen. This year the candidate nominated will determine the real spirit and purpose upon this subject. Suppose that the Cincinnati Convention should repeat the resolution of 1872, and then nominate Mr. Morton, who thinks in good faith that our present civil service is the best upon the planet. Would the resolution of 1872 in the platform mean any thing else than a vigorous continuance of that system? If Mr. Morton meant only that there were hosts of honest and capable men in the civil service, he would merely have said what every body knows. But they are there in spite of the system. The system does not and can not tend to bring in such officers, and it constantly tends to make them the mere henchmen of power and to destroy their manly independence. But every faithful, honest, and efficient officer in the service must secretly desire a reform which would give him the same tenure that other capable and honest men have in other pursuits. The candidate who most fully represents that reform, therefore, is their natural candidate. He is the one man from whom they would have nothing to fear, as he is the one from whom the country would have every thing to hope.

"THE SOUTH" AND THE PARTIES.

> "Eight colored men have been shot dead, four hanged, and about twenty wounded. No whites were killed.... Twenty colored men are reported to be held as prisoners. Their fate is uncertain, but the supposition is they will be killed. It is also said the number of negroes killed will never be ascertained. Precautions have been taken to remove the dead secretly. The number of Regulators under arms is said to be 500, from East Baton Rouge and East and West Felicians, and Wilkinson County, Mississippi. The colored people are said to be arming for self-protection."

This was the first account of the latest Louisiana massacre. Every such story has the same ending—"No whites were killed." In this case it is alleged that the trouble began by the negroes calling out a white man and riddling him with bullets. But the facts always show that the provocation did not come from the negroes. Whatever the explanation of the present trouble may be, this incident will recall public attention to the Southern question. It is not the least of the practical issues of the election. It is an old issue, indeed, but it is still vital, and it will be vital so long as the Democratic party shows itself anxious only to put the negro in the wrong, and to excuse or justify white terrorism under the plea of carpet-baggery and ignorance and rascality. If the Democratic party had ever said or had ever wished that "outrages" upon the negroes in the Southern States should cease, they would have ended. If that party had ever opposed the Ku-Klux and the White League as it has opposed "scalawags" and "Federal satraps," the situation in the Southern States would have been peaceful, and the Democratic party would have had a large and important colored vote.

Republicans are constantly taunted with the charge that their only voters in the Southern States are the negroes. They are told that the superior race, the intelligence, the character, the property, are all Democratic and opposed to them. They are held to the strictest account for Moses and Whipper and the colored Legislatures. But does it lie in the mouth of a murderer to accuse a thief? If the Republicans are responsible for the rascalities of Moses and Whipper, so are the Democrats responsible for the murder of Dostie and the massacre of Coushatta. We do not defend, nor have we defended, Republican offenses in the Southern States; but what shall be said of the Democrats who, claiming all the intelligence and virtue and superiority in that section, are yet responsible for the blackest and bloodiest of crimes? The deep and persuasive argument against a Democratic restoration is the universal distrust of the party upon the Southern question. The people of the United States will be very slow to commit the national power to a party which sends Hill and Tucker to Congress, which contains the spirit and furnishes the men for negro terrorism, and which has never made a single energetic protest against the crimes of its partisans.

In his recent letters upon the situation, Mr. F. W. Bird, of Massachusetts, an original Sumner and Andrew Republican, truly says that he had some share in creating the distrust of the Democratic party when it was well founded, and he adds that he thinks the worst Democrat whose nomination at St. Louis is possible is safer for the country than the best Republican whose nomination is possible at Cincinnati. But the distrust which he helped to create has not passed away. While the great mass of patriotic Americans, as we believe, demand political reform and purification with enthusiasm, they demand also such a care of the Southern question as no Democrat can give, because he would have no party conviction and conscience upon the subject behind him. The enthusiasm of the campaign will be for reform, but there will be no forgetfulness of the rights of those whom the Republicans made citizens, and whose citizenship the Democrats opposed. The Democratic party could not give the country administrative reform, nor a sound currency, nor equal rights at the South. Should it regain power, it would retain it for a generation. Yet in the present condition of the public feeling such a calamity can not be avoided merely by the nomination of a Republican who has stolen nothing and has run steadily with the machine. To borrow a term from the politics of France, the candidate must be a Republican of to-day as well as of yesterday. The plain condition of Republican success, which alone can repress the spirit of the Ku-Klux and protect the new citizen, is to heed the demand in the party for a nomination which shall be the earnest of reform.

PERSONAL.

In the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences* for April is an entertaining and instructive article entitled "A Century of American Medicine," by Dr. Gross, Professor of Surgery in Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. Curiously enough, he alludes to Dr. J. Murray Carnochan, of this city, one of the most eminent of living surgeons, as having died in 1872. The most remarkable surgical operations that have been performed in the United States during the past one hundred years are briefly described in the article alluded to, and among them those performed by Dr. Carnochan have special prominence. One of these, the first of its kind ever attempted in Europe or America, was for arresting the growth in elephantiasis by tying the main artery leading to it. In another instance—one of elephantiasis of the head, face, ears, and neck—Dr. Carnochan tied both the primitive carotid arteries. Still another, and one of the most brilliant operations ever performed, here or abroad, was Dr. Carnochan's, in a case of neuralgia. The *Journal* thus mentions it: "Excision of nerves, for the cure of neuralgia and other affections, has been frequently practiced by American surgeons, and has, especially of late, been carried to a very great extent, in one case embracing the removal of a section of the entire brachial plexus. The superior maxillary nerve has been cut out beyond the ganglion of Meckel, Dr. Carnochan, of New York, *having led the way in this bold procedure*, in which he has been followed by Pancoast, Blackman, W. H. Mussey, and several others." The limits of a "personal" preclude description in detail of several other operations, the brilliancy and success of which have placed Dr. Carnochan among the foremost surgeons of the hundred years sketched by the *Journal*. It is gratifying to be able to add that Dr. C. is now in the very prime of his powers, and was never more actively engaged than at the present moment. He has, moreover, a work in press, copiously illustrated, soon to be issued by Harper & Brothers, entitled *Contributions to Operative Surgery and Surgical Pathology*.

—The Rev. Dr. William B. Sprague, who died a few days ago in Albany, was the most notable collector of autographs in the United States, and in that particular was surpassed by few of the largest collectors in Europe. Of American autographs he had rare and interesting letters from almost every man and woman of note who had written or done any thing, from and including the *Mayflower* people down to the present time. He commenced his collection in 1828. Among its very rare treasures were complete sets of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, framers of the Constitution, generals of the Revolution, and members of the old Congress. Among other prominent American autograph collectors are, or were, Mr. Dreer, of Philadelphia; Mr. Tefft, of Savannah; Mr. Cist, formerly of Cincinnati; Mrs. Allen, of Providence; Mrs. Green and Miss Arnold, of New Bedford; and our friend Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, of Philadelphia. The largest collections in England were those of Robert Cole, Dawson Turner, and Dr. Raffles. They tell an anecdote of Dr. Sprague that once, when his house caught fire, he called Mrs. Sprague and told her to look after the children and he would take care of the autographs.

—The munificent gift of $250,000 for the erection of the library of Keble College, England, was made by a member of the family of the late Mr. Gibbs, of Tyntesfield, the donor of the chapel.

—Lord Rosebery—"the fair roseberry and expectancy of state" among the young nobility of Great Britain—in his speech against the Royal Titles Bill said that, "like certain liniments, the imperial title might be well enough for external use." That is not so good as the reply of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes to an apothecary, who, pointing to a lad sitting on the counter, said, "Doctor, that is my son. Don't you think he looks like me?" "Yes," replied Dr. H.; "I think I detect his father's liniments in his face."

—Henri Rochefort is in exile, living at Geneva; but he is a comfortable exile. It is said he is in receipt of not less than $10,000 a year by the contraband sale of *La Lanterne* in France, and his contributions to a radical newspaper which has a circulation in the faubourgs of Paris of 200,000 a day—far more than that of any English or American journal.

—Mr. Isaac H. Bromley, one of the ablest of the editorial staff of the *Tribune*, will deliver the closing lecture of the Kent Club course in the Yale Law School on the subject of "Over-legislation."

—Secretary Seward kept, throughout most of his public career, full notes of the prominent movements of men and parties, which will be put into biographical shape by his son, Frederick W. Seward, together with such additions as will make the work a very full account of his father's life.

—The Hon. J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, one of the House managers in the impeachment trial, and chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary, is a man of slight frame, large head, dark hair, white mustache, and florid complexion, and is about forty-six years of age. He speaks easily, makes many gestures, and shows a good deal of earnestness. He is respected in the House as a good lawyer, and is one of the wittiest men ever sent to Congress. Thus far, however, during the session he has done nothing noticeably humorous.

—In Macaulay's *Life and Letters*, recently published by the Harpers, the fact, unprecedented in literary history, is mentioned that twenty-six thousand five hundred copies of his history had been sold in ten weeks. The Longmans came to him a week later with a very pleasant announcement. So overflowing were they with money that they had concluded to pay him on account $100,000. A few days afterward that amount was paid to his bankers—the largest sum ever paid to an author at one time. Macaulay, in alluding humorously to the transaction, said he had some thoughts of going to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a bidder for the next loan.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Belknap case was resumed in the Senate on the 15th, the pending question being that of jurisdiction. This was discussed in secret session throughout the week, but without result. A motion to suspend the rules and pass the Payne Silver Bill, providing for the issue of silver to an amount not exceeding $10,000,000 in exchange for legal-tender notes, was rejected by a vote of 135 to 73. Senator Sargent's bill restricting Chinese immigration, on the 16th, was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The House, on the 16th, by a party vote, 137 to 74, resolved to present the matters concerning the public printer to the authorities of the District of Columbia, that they may indict and prosecute Mr. Clapp. The Post-office Appropriation Bill was passed by the House on the 17th. On the 18th, the Senate authorized the committee on the Mississippi election to investigate the recent murders in that State.

Governor Tilden has signed the bill passed by the last Legislature allowing a wife to testify in favor of her husband in criminal cases. The new law does not compel her, however, to be a witness.

A number of State Conventions met during the week, and elected delegates to the National Convention. The Ohio Democrats nominated ex-Governor Allen for President; the New Jersey Republicans chose an unpledged delegation; the Republicans of Alabama did the same, as did also the Democrats of Iowa. The Greenback Convention, at Indianapolis, nominated Peter Cooper for President and Senator Booth, of California, for Vice-President. The Delaware Republicans declared for Mr. Blaine, and the Kentucky Republicans named Mr. Bristow.

William H. Barnum has been elected United States Senator from Connecticut, for the unexpired term of the late Senator Ferry.

The steamer *Pat Cleburne* exploded her boilers on the night of the 17th, six miles below Shawneetown, on the Mississippi River. Nine persons were killed, including the captain, and several were injured.

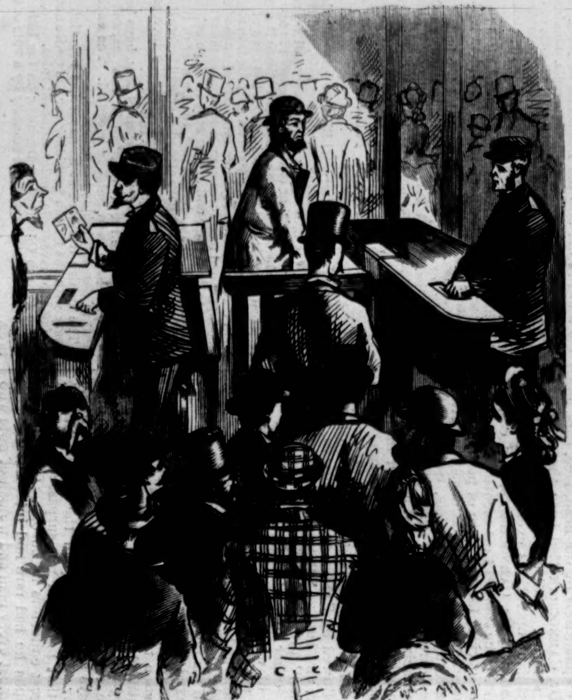
FOREIGN NEWS.

The Elementary Educational Bill was introduced in the British House of Commons on the 18th, and read a first time. It provides that no child shall be employed in agricultural or other labor before the age of ten years, or between ten and fourteen unless it has a certificate that it has attended school 250 days of the year for five years, or has passed an examination showing a certain degree of education. Local authorities are empowered to enforce penalties on parents for neglecting to send their children to school. The application of the bill is to be gradual, the number of times which children must have attended school before their employment is permitted being gradually increased until 1881, when the bill attains full force.

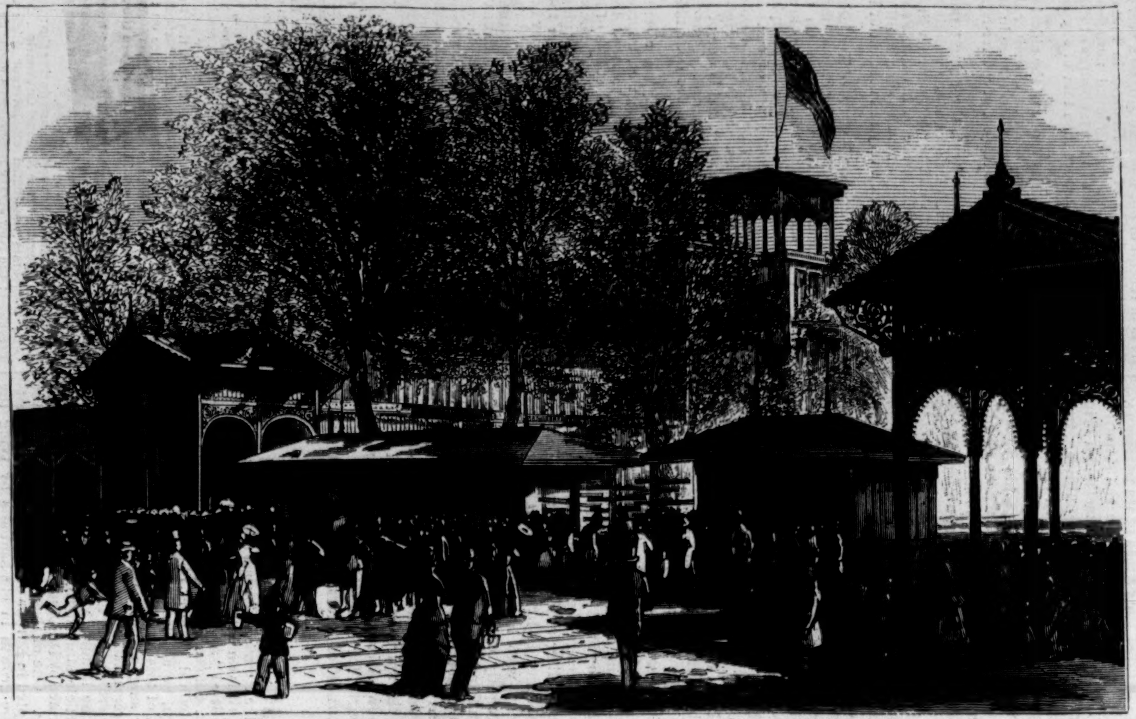
Eleven persons, all of the lowest classes, have been convicted of the recent murders in Salonica, and of these, six have been publicly executed. The excitement in Constantinople has subsided.

The British Resident at Zanzibar has negotiated a treaty with the Sultan providing for the entire abolition of the slave-trade, under stringent rules.

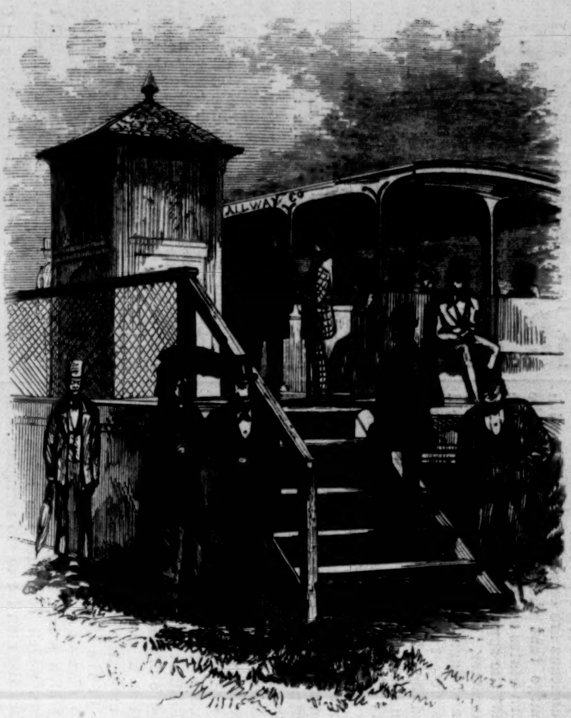
The French Chamber of Deputies, on the 18th, rejected a motion for complete amnesty by a vote of 394 to 52.



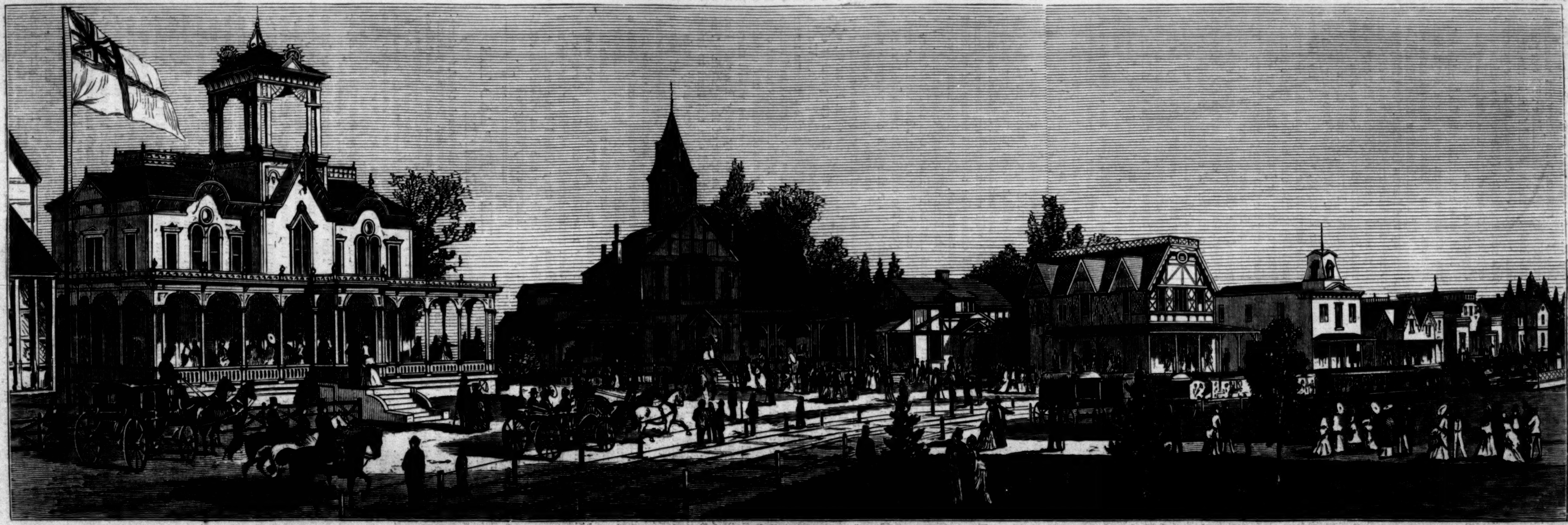
AT THE TURNSTILES.



ENTRANCE TO GRAND PLAZA—ELM AND BELMONT AVENUES.

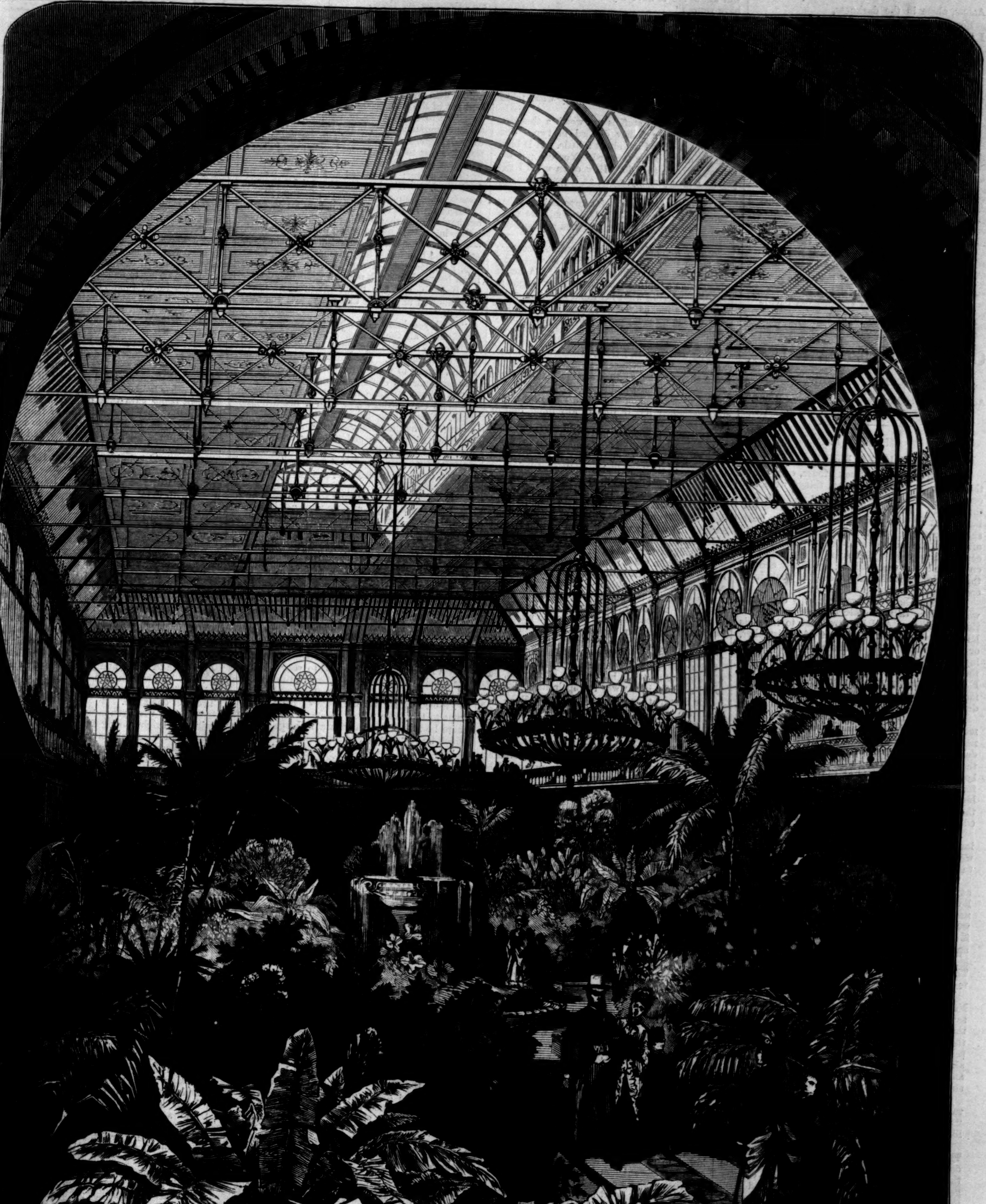


RAILWAY STATION, IN THE GROUNDS.



New York.
Massachusetts.
Connecticut.
New Hampshire.
Wisconsin.
Illinois.
Indiana.
Ohio.

THE CENTENNIAL—STATE HEAD-QUARTERS, ON STATE AVENUE.—From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 450.]


Schell & Hogan Del

THE CENTENNIAL—INTERIOR OF HORTICULTURAL HALL.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 450.]

A QUESTION.

Alone, alone in the darkness,
For the face of the world grows strange;
I know not the sound of the music,
The feet of the dancers change.
The voices that ring are youthful,
And I hear in their merry chime
A laugh and a sneer for the old man
Who has lingered beyond his time.

The living no longer heed me,
So I call for the misty hosts,
And I think to people my darkness
And live alone with my ghosts.
But my heart grows sick with a fancy—
They left me so long before:
Alas! is the law of changing
At work on that spirit shore?

Ah, then indeed I am lonely,
For my thoughts cling round that day,
And I love each friend who has left me
As he was when he passed away.
Shall we only increase the heartache
When faith is lost in sight,
And the glass that we see through darkly
Is turned to a mirror of light?

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "The Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER L.

FEMININE ERROR.

Meanwhile, at Cross-Duck House, ever since that interview of the morning, things were becoming, from hour to hour, more critical and threatening. If Mr. Sharp could only have believed that his son was now a man, or at least should be treated as though he were; and if, after that, the too-active lawyer could only have conceived it possible that some things might go on all the better without him; it is likely enough that his righteous and gallant devices would have sped more easily.

But Luke Sharp had governed his own little world so long that he scarcely could imagine serious rebellion. And he cared not to hide his large contempt for the intellect of Christopher, or the grievance which he had always felt at being the father of a donkey. And so, without further probation or pledge, he went forth to make his own arrangements, leaving young Kit to his mother's charge, like a dummy, to be stroked down and dressed.

If he had left Kit but an hour before for his mother to tell him every thing, and round the corners, and smooth the levels, and wrap it all up in delicious romance, as women do so easily, with their power of believing whatever they wish, the boy might have jumped at the soft sweet bait; for he verily loved his sylvan maid. But now all his virtue and courage, and even temper, were on the outlook; and only one thing more was needed to drive him to a desperate resolve.

And that one thing was supplied, in the purest innocence, by Mrs. Sharp; though the question would never have arisen, if her son had been left to her sole handling.

"Then, mother, I suppose," said Kit, as simply as if he smelled no rat whatever, thoroughly as he understood that race, "if I should be fortunate enough to marry beautiful Miss Oglander, we shall have to live on bread and cheese, until it shall please the senior people to be reconciled, and help us?"

"No, Kit! What are you talking of, child? The lady has £20,000 of her own. And £150,000 to follow, which nobody can take from her."

With a very heavy heart he turned away. Nothing more was required to settle him. He saw the whole business of the plotting now, and the young romance was out of it. He went to the bay-window looking on the lane, and felt himself akin to a little ragamuffin, who was cheating all the other boys at marbles. Hard bitterness and keen misery were battling in his mind which should be the first to have its way, and speak.

"This comes of being a lawyer's son!" he cried, turning round for one bad glance at his mother. "She said that she disliked the law. I don't dislike, I abhor it."

"So you may, my dear boy, and welcome now. This will lift you altogether beyond it. Your dear father may consider it his duty to continue the office, and so on. But you will be a country gentleman, Kit, with horses, and dogs, and Manton guns, and a pack of hounds, and a long barouche, and hot-house grapes. And I will come and live with you, my darling; or at least make our country-house of it, and show you how to manage things. For the whole world will be trying to cheat you, Kit; you are too good-natured and grand in your ways. You must try to be a little sharper, darling, with that mint of money."

"Must I? But suppose that I won't have it?"

"Sometimes I believe that you think it manly to provoke your mother. The money ought to have been ours, Kit; mine by heritage and justice, at least a year and a half ago. A moderate provision should have been made for a woman who may have her good points—though every body has failed to discover them—and who married with a view to jointure. Ten thousand pounds would have been very handsome—far handsomer than she ever was, poor thing!—and then by every law, human and divine, all the rest must have come to you and me, my dear. Now I hope that you see things in their proper light."

"Well, I dare say I do," he answered, with a little turn of sulkiness, such as he often got when people could not understand him. "Mother, you will allow me to have my own opinion, as you have yours?"

"Certainly, Kit. Of course, my dear. You know that you always have been allowed extraordinary liberty in that way. No boy in any school could have more, even where all the noblemen's sons are allowed to make apple-pie beds for the masters. Every night, my dear boy, when your father was away, it has rested with you, and you can not deny it, to settle to a nicety what there must be for supper."

"Such trumpery stuff is not worth a thought. I am now like a fellow divided in two. You might guess what I am about a little. It is high time for me to come forward. You can not see things, perhaps, as I do. How often must I tell you? I give you my word as a gentleman, all this is exceedingly trying."

"Of course it is, Kit; of course it is. What else could be expected of it? But still we must all of us go through trials; and then we come out purified."

"Not if we made them for ourselves, mother; and made them particularly dirty ones. But I can not talk of it; what do I know? A lot of things come tempting me. Every body laughs at me for wondering what my mind is. And every body cheats me, as you said. Let the governor carry on his own devices. I have made up my mind to consider a good deal, and behave then according to circumstances."

"You will behave, I trust, exactly as your parents wish. They have seen so much more of the world than you have; they are far better judges of right and wrong; and their only desire is your highest interest. You will break your poor mother's heart, dear Kit, if you do any thing foolish now."

The latter argument had much more weight with young Sharp than the former; but pledging himself as yet to nothing, he ran away to his own room to think, while his mother, with serious misgivings, went down to see about the soup, and hurry on the dinner. She knew that in vaunting Miss Oglander's wealth she had done the very thing she was ordered not to do, and she was frightened at the way in which her son had taken it.

Mr. Sharp did not come home to their early dinner at half past one o'clock; indeed, his wife did not expect him much; and his son was delighted not to see him. Kit sat heavily, but took his food as usual. The condition of his mind might be very sad indeed, but his body was not to be driven thereby to neglect the duties of its own department. He helped his dear mother to some loin of mutton; and when she only played with it, and her knife and fork were trembling, he was angered, and his eyes sought hers; and she tried to look at him and smile, but made a wretched job of it. Christopher reserved his opinion about this, but it did not help in any way to impair his resolution.

For dessert they had a little dish of strawberries from pot-plants in the greenhouse; and as they were the first of the season, the young fellow took to them rather greedily. His mother was charmed with this condescension, and urged him so well that in about three minutes the shining red globes ticked with gold were represented by a small, ignoble pile of frilled stalks blurred with pink. At this moment in rushed the master of the house.

He had been as fully occupied as a certain unobtrusive, but never inactive, gentleman proverbially must be in a gale of wind. The day was unusually warm for the May month, and the streets of Oxford dusty. Mr. Sharp had been working a roundabout course, and working it very rapidly; he had managed to snatch at a sandwich or two—for he could not go long without nourishment—but throughout all his haste he had given himself, with the brightest vision of refreshing joy, just time to catch these strawberries. At least he was sure of it. But now, where were they?

"Ah, I see you know how to snap up a good thing!" cried the lawyer, with a glance of contempt and wrath. "Show the same promptitude in what has been arranged for your benefit this afternoon, my boy, and then you will be, in earnest, what you put on your dogs' collars."

This was not the way to treat Kit Sharp; but the lawyer never could resist a sneer, even when his temper was at its best, which it certainly was not just now.

Kit looked a little ashamed for a moment, but made no excuse for his greediness; he was sure that his mother would do that best. By this time he had resolved to avoid, for the present, all further dispute with his father. Whatever was arranged for him he would do his best to accept, with one condition—that he should be allowed to see the young lady first, and test her good-will toward him before her "removal" (as Mr. Sharp mildly called it) was attempted. His sanguine young heart had long been doing its utmost to convince him that this sweet-tempered and simple maid could never bring herself to the terrible cruelty of rejecting him. He felt how unworthy he was; but still so was every body else—especially the villain with the four bay horses: from that scoundrel he would save her, even if he had to dissemble more than he ever had done in his life before.

Luke Sharp, with his eyes fixed on his son in lofty contemplation, beheld (as through a grand microscope) these despicable little reasonings. To argue with Kit was more foolish than filing a declaration against a man of straw. To suppose that Kit would ever really rebel was more absurd than to imagine that a case would be decided upon its merits. "So be it," he said; "but, of course, even you would never be quite such a fool as to tell her what your father and mother have done for her good."

There still was a little to be done, and some nicety of combination to see to; and after a short consultation with his wife, and particular instructions as to management of Kit, Mr. Sharp rode off on his own stout horse, with a heavily loaded whip and a brace of pistols, because there were some rogues about.

CHAPTER LI.

UNFILIAL.

"At seven o'clock all must be ready," said Mr. Sharp, toward the close of a hurried conversation with Miss Patch, Grace Oglander being sent out of the way, according to established signal; "there is no time to lose, and no ladies' tricks of unpunctuality, if you please. We must have daylight for these horrid forest roads, and time it so as to get into the London road about half past eight. We must be in London by two in the morning; the horses and all that will be forth-coming. Kit rides outside, and I follow on horseback. Hannah, why do you hesitate?"

"Because I can not—I can not go away, without having seen that Jesuit priest in the pig net wallowing. It is such a grand providential work—the arm of the Lord has descended from heaven, and bound him in his own meshes. Luke, I beg you, I implore you—I can pack up every thing in an hour—do not rob me of a sight like that."

"Hannah, are you mad? You have never been allowed to go near that place, and you never shall."

"Well, you know best; but it does seem very cruel, after all the lack of grace I have borne with here, to miss the great Protestant work thus accomplished. But suppose that the child should refuse to come with us—we have no letters now, nor any other ministration."

"We have no time now for such trumpery; we must carry things now with a much higher hand. Every thing hangs upon the next few hours; and by this time to-morrow night all shall be safe: Kit and the girl gone for their honeymoon, and you sitting under the most furious dustman that ever thumped a cushion."

"Oh, Luke, how can you speak as if you really had no reverence?"

"Because there is no time for such stuff now. We have the strength, and we must use it. Just go and get ready. I must ride to meet my people. The girl, I suppose, is with Kit by this time. What a pair of nincompoops they will be!"

"I am sure they will be a very pretty pair—so far as poor sinful exterior goes—and, what is of a thousandfold more importance, their worldly means will be the means of grace to hundreds of our poor fellow-creatures, who, because their skin is of a different tint, and in their own opinion a finer one, are debarred—"

"Now, Hannah, no time for that. Get ready. And mind that there must be no feminine weakness if circumstances should compel us to employ a little compulsion. Call to your mind that the Lord is with us; the sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

Pleased with his knowledge of Holy Writ, he went to the place where his horse was tied, and there he found a man with a message for him, which he just stopped to hearken.

"As loovin' as a pair o' toortle-doves; he hath a-got her by the middle; as sweet as my missus were to me afore us went to church togither!" Black George had been sent to watch Kit and Gracie during their private interview, lest any precaution should be overlooked.

"Right! Here's a guinea for you, my man. Now you know what to do till I come back—to stay where you are, and keep a sharp look-out. Can the fool in the net do without any water? Very well; after dark give him some food, bandage his eyes, and walk him to and fro, and let him go in Banbury."

"All right, governor. A rare bait he shall have of it, with a little swim in the canal, to clane 'un."

"No hardship, no cruelty," cried Mr. Sharp, with his finger to his forehead, as he rode away; "only a little wise discipline to lead him into closer attention to his own affairs."

Black George looked after his master with a grin of admiration. "He sticketh at nort," said George to himself, as he began to fill a grimy pipe; "he sticketh at nort no more than I would. And with all that house and lands to back 'un! Most folk with money got no pluck left for thinking of others as owneth the same. I'll be danged if he dothn't carry on as bold as if he slep' in a rabbit hole." With these words he sat down to watch the house, according to his orders.

But this man's description of what he had seen in the wood was not a faithful one—much as he meant to speak the truth—for many reasons, and most of all this: that he ran away before the end of it. It was a pretty and a moving scene; but the rabbit-man cared a great deal more for the pipe, which he could not smoke in this duty, and the guinea which he hoped to get out of it. And it happened, as near as one can tell, on this wise:

Grace Oglander came down the winding, wooded path with her heart pitapatting at every step, because she was ordered to meet somebody. An idea of that kind did not please her. A prude or a prim she would never wish to be; and a little bit of flirting had been a great relief, and a pleasant change in her loneliness. But to bring matters to so stern a point, and have to say what she meant to say in as few words as possible, and then walk off—these strong measures were not to her liking, because she was a most kind-hearted girl, and was really pleased with Christopher.

Kit, on the other hand, came along fast, with a resolute brow and firm, heavy stride. He had made up his mind to be wretched for life, if the heart upon which he had set his own should refuse to throb responsively. But whatever his fate might be, he would tread the highest path of generosity, chivalry, and honor; and this resolution was well set forth in the following nervous and pathetic lines found in his blotting-paper after his untimely—but we must not anticipate his fate. These words had been watered with a flood of tears.—"C. F. S. to Miss G. O."

"Say that happier mortal wooes thee,
Say that nobler knight pursues thee,
While this blighted being teareth
All the festive robes it weareth,
While this dead heart splits to lose thee—
Ah, could I so misuse thee?
Though my system, cleft asunder,
Crush its last hope anchor'd in thee,
Liefer would I lie thereunder
Than by falsehood win thee!"

And now they met in a gentle place, covered with leaves, and floored with grass, and sweetened with tufts of bluebells. The chill of the earth was gone by and forgotten, and the power of the sky come back again; stately tree, and graceful bush, and brown depths of tangled prickliness—every thing having green life in it was spreading its green, and proud of it. Under this roof, and in these halls of bright young verdure, the youth and the maid came face to face desirably. Grace, as bright as a rose, and flushing with true tint of wild rose, drew back and bowed; and then perceiving serious hurt of Christopher, kindly offered a warm white hand—a delicious touch for any one. Kit laid hold of this and kept it, though with constant fear of doing more than was established, and trying to look firm and overpowering, led the fair young woman to a trunk of fallen oak.

Here they both sat down; and Grace was not so far as she could wish from yielding to a little kind of trembling which arose in her. She glanced at Kit sideways whenever she felt that he could not be looking at her; and she kept her wise eyes mainly downward whenever they seemed to be wanted—not that she could not look up and speak, only that she would rather wait until there was no other help for it; and, as for that, she felt no fear, being sure that he was afraid of her. Kit, on the other hand, was full of fear, and did all he could in the craftiest manner to make his love look up at him. He could not tell how she might take his tale, but he knew by instinct that his eyes would help him where his tongue might fail. At last he said,

"Now will you promise faithfully not to be angry with me?"

"Oh yes, oh yes—to be sure," said Grace. "Why should I be angry?"

"Because I can't help it—I give you my honor. I have tried very hard, but I can not help it."

"Then who could be angry with you, unless it was something very wicked?"

"It is not very wicked; it is very good—too good for me a great deal, I am afraid."

"There can not be many things too good for you; you are simple, and brave, and gentle."

"But this is too good for me, ever so much, because it is your own dear self."

Grace was afraid that this was coming; and now she lifted her soft blue eyes and looked at him quite tenderly, and yet so directly and clearly, that he knew in a moment what she had for him—pity, and trust, and liking; but of heart's love not one atom.

"I know what you mean," he whispered, sadly, with his bright young face cast down. "I can not think what can have made me such a fool. Only please to tell me one thing. Has there been any chap in front of me?"

"How can I tell what you mean?" asked Grace; but her color showed that she could guess.

"I must not ask who it is, of course. Only say it's not the swell that drives the four bay horses."

"I do not know any one that drives four bay horses. And now I think that I had better go. Only, as I can not ever meet you any more, I must try to tell you that I like you very much, and never shall forget what I owe to you; and I hope you will very soon recover from this—this little disappointment; and my dear father, as soon as we return to England—for I must go to fetch him—"

"Grace—oh, let me call you 'Grace' once or twice; it can't matter here in the middle of the wood!—Grace, I was so taken up with myself, and full of my miserable folly, which, of course, I ought to have known better—"

"I must not stop to hear any more. There is my hand; yes, of course you may kiss it, after all that you have done for me."

"I am going to do a great deal more for you!" cried Kit, quite carried away with the yielding kindness of lovely fingers. "For your sake I am going to injure and disgrace my own father, though the Lord knows the shame is of his own making. It is my father who has kept you here, and to-night he is going to carry you off. Miss Patch is only a tool of his. Your own father knows not a word about it. He believes you to be dead and buried. Your tombstone is set up at Beckley, and your father goes and cries over it."

"But his letters—his letters from Demerara? Oh! my head swims round! Let me hold by this tree for a moment!"

Kit threw his arm round her delicate waist to save her from falling; and away crept George, who had lurked behind a young birch-tree too far off to hear their words.

"You must rouse up your courage," said Kit, with a yearning gaze at his sweet burden, yet taking no advantage of her. "Rouse up your courage, and I will do my best to save you from myself. It is very hard—it is cruelly cruel, and nobody will thank me."

"His letters from Demerara!" cried Grace, having scarcely heard a word he said. "How could he have written them? You must be wrong."

"Of such letters I have never heard. I suppose they must have been forgeries. I give you my word that your father has been the whole of the time at Beckley, and a great deal too ill to go from home."

"Too ill!—my father? Yes, of course—of course. How could he help being ill without me? And he thinks I am dead—oh, he thinks that I am dead! I wonder that he could dare to be alive. But let me try to think a little."

She tottered back to the old stump of the tree, and sat down there, and burst forth into an extraordinary gush of weeping: more sad and pitiful tears had never watered an innocent face before. "Let me cry!—let me cry!" was her only answer when the young man clumsily tried to comfort.

Kit got up and strode about; his indignation at her deep, low sobs, and her brilliant cheeks like a river's bed, and her rich hair dabbled like drifted corn, and, above all, the violent pain which made her lay both hands to her heart and squeeze—his wrath made him long to knock down those entitled to his love and reverence. He knew that her heart was quite full of her father in all his long desolation, and was making a row of pictures of him in deepening tribulation. But a girl might go on like that forever—a man must take the lead of her.

"If you please, Miss Oglander," he said, going up and lifting both her hands, and making her look up at him, "you have scarcely five minutes to make up your mind whether you wish to save your father, or to be carried away from him."

Grace, in confusion and fear, looked up. All about herself she had forgotten. She had even forgotten that Kit was near; she was only pondering slowly now—as the mind at most critical moments does—some straw of a trifle that blew across.

"Do you care to save your father's life?" asked Kit, rather sternly, not seeing in the least the condition of her mind, but wondering at it. "If you do, you must come with me this moment down the hill, down the hill, as fast as ever you can. I know a place where they never can find us. We must hide there till dark, and then I will take you to Beckley."

But the young lady's nerves would not act at command. The shock and surprise had been too severe. All she could do was to gaze at Kit with soft imploring eyes, that tried to beg pardon for her helplessness.

"If we stay here another minute, you are lost!" cried Kit, as he heard the sound of carriage wheels near the cottage on the rise above them. "One question only—will you trust me?"

She moved her pale lips to say "yes," and faintly lifted one hand to him. Kit waited for no other sign, but caught her in his sturdy arms, and bore her down the hill as fast as he could go, without scratching her snow-white face, or tearing the arm which hung on his shoulder.

[to be continued.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The regular stated spring meeting of the National Academy of Science was held at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, on the 18th of April, and adjourned on the 21st. Numerous papers were read by the members, some of them of much scientific and practical importance. About thirty of the eighty-two members were present at the meeting—rather a larger assemblage than usual.

By the present rules of the Academy five members only can be elected in each year, and as this is the highest scientific body in the country, there is, of course, much competition for entrance. Those who were elected at the recent meeting were Professor S. S. Haldemann, of Chickies, Pennsylvania, formerly distinguished as an entomologist and conchologist, now best known as a philologist; General G. K. Warren, U.S.A., of the Engineer Corps, author of some striking views in regard to the physical geography of the Mississippi Valley. In his opinion at one time the entire body of the Lake Winnepeg system of water, including the Red River of the North, drained into the Mississippi, and increased its volume to an enormous extent. The third member elected was Dr. Peters, of Hamilton College, New York, who ranks among the first of living astronomers. The fourth was Mr. Clarence King, the chief of the Geological and Geographical Survey of the Fortieth Parallel, a gentleman who combines with the highest scientific acquirements literary abilities of the first order. His series of sketches entitled "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" placed him at once among the foremost writers in the United States. The fifth member elected was Professor S. P. Langley, of the Alleghany Observatory, at Alleghany, Pennsylvania. This gentleman has made numerous original and highly important researches on the sun, and is well known throughout the West for his arrangement for furnishing correct standard time to the Pennsylvania and other railroad companies, the city of Pittsburg, and points in the vicinity.

Dr. Isidor Walz communicated to the American Chemical Society, May 4, that he had discovered 0.3 to 0.4 per cent. of vanadic acid in magnetic iron ores from the Church Mine, New Jersey. Apart from the scientific interest attaching to this rich occurrence of that rare metal on our soil, the discovery may lead to important practical results, as the salts of vanadium have recently begun to play an important *rôle* in the preparation of aniline black, indelible marking ink, etc., and the supply has hitherto come from much poorer sources than the one now disclosed.

Mr. R. G. L. Ellery, director of the observatory of Melbourne, has lately completed a chronograph, in which the regulation of the motion is obtained by means of Huyghens's parabolic pendulum. From the reports of eye-witnesses to the performance of this governor, it is understood that it is practically perfect, its variation of rate being less than one-tenth of one second in two hours, or less than one-seventy-two thousandth part. If this method of regulation can be extended to the driving clocks of equatorials, we may hope for good results, and it is already of great importance for uses in physical investigations.

Through the exertions of Schiaparelli and Cacciatore, directors of the observatories of Milan and Palermo, the correspondence of Piazzi and Oriani is to be published, so as to be available to astronomers. It extends from 1791 until the death of Piazzi in 1826, and relates to subjects of great interest—the discovery of Ceres, the preparation of the great Palermo catalogue, etc. Rayet has further undertaken the task of editing the correspondence between Piazzi and Lalande, so that we shall soon have a large portion of the letters of Piazzi in a convenient form for reference.

Persons connected with public museums in this country may be interested to learn that the ornithological museum of Messrs. Kirchhoff, of Nienburg, Germany, is offered for sale. This embraces in all about 2060 species, many of them valuable types.

Tisserand has lately been prosecuting some investigations in regard to the action of cold upon milk and its derivatives, as compared with the influence of heat, and has already deduced some important conclusions that will be of service to those engaged in the manufacture of butter and cheese. He finds that on submitting the milk of a cow, immediately after being drawn, to different temperatures between 32° F. and 86° C., and keeping it from twenty-four to thirty-six hours at the same temperature, the following results appeared: first, the separation of the cream is rapid in proportion as the temperature to which the milk is exposed approaches to 32°; second, the volume of the cream obtained is larger when the milk has been submitted to a greater degree of cold; third, the yield in butter is also more considerable when the milk has been exposed to a low temperature; fourth, the skimmed milk, butter, and cheese are improved in quality by the same treatment.

The explanation of these phenomena Tisserand thinks is closely connected with the observations of Pasteur in regard to the origin of ferments and the alterations which were produced in the media into which they were introduced. He suggests that this decided cooling prevents the evolution of the living organisms composing the ferment, and arrests the power of producing alterations by their action, the influence of cold in this respect being quite similar to that which occurs in the manufacture of the Vienna beer by ice, which is so remarkable in its qualities.

There is still, however, a wide field of research open, which Tisserand thinks should be investigated. However this may be, he states that the preceding facts show how erroneous are the views which have prevailed in France on the subject of the manufacture of butter, namely, that the cream must be kept at a temperature of 55° to 56°, and not go below this. On the contrary, he insists that the two cardinal requisites for the proper manufacture, especially of butter, are perfect cleanliness of the vessels used, etc., and the employment of a low degree of temperature. There has been a tendency in France within the last few years toward the use of lower temperatures than were formerly considered necessary; but even these, according to Tisserand, are not sufficiently low.

The government of Brazil has lately undertaken the measurement of an arc on the parallel of 23° south latitude, and extending over nine or ten degrees of longitude, connecting the capital of the country with the great meridian of Brazil. It also proposes the measurement of an arc extending from 2° north latitude, on the frontier of French Guayana, to a south latitude of about 33⅓°. As all the arcs of meridians and parallels that have been measured within the last century in Europe and America, or are being measured, are situated in the northern hemisphere, with the exception of the small arcs of Peru and the Cape, the Brazilian measurements will fill a great gap, and doubtless afford material help to the study of the complete figure of the globe.

P. Lafont has assumed the direction of an observatory established at Calcutta with the special object of making daily observations of the solar prominences. The situation of the observatory is well chosen, as during the months from November to April the sky at Calcutta is usually clear, while the sky of Italy during these months interrupts the work of the observatories of Rome and Palermo. The new observatory has a Merz equatorial of seven inches aperture, with suitable spectroscope.

The report of the Fish Commissioners of New Hampshire, to be made to the Legislature at the June session of 1876, gives an account of the work done by the Commissioners in the performance of their trust. The small amount of money at the command of the Commission prevented the accomplishment of all that was desirable, but they have made some progress in the distribution of black bass and in introducing the wall-eyed pike, or pike-perch. They report a considerable amount of progress in the restoration of salmon to the waters of the State, and look forward to a future increase in the supply as a matter of much interest to the people.

We have already referred to the Siberian expedition under the direction of Dr. O. Finsch, of the Bremen Museum. We now learn that that gentleman, accompanied by Dr. Brehm and Count Waldburg-Zeil, has reached St. Petersburg, and expects to proceed *via* Moscow and Novogorod to his field of research in the Obi and Yenisei basins.

The precise nature of the gases emitted by the mouth from the stomach has not been well established, although the presence of free hydrogen is shown by the fact that they burn with a blue flame. Quite lately Ewald has described the case of a person suffering from chronic gastritis, who, on lighting a cigar one day, was surprised to see this gas take fire and burn with a yellow flame. By subjecting this to a chemical examination, it was found to consist, with other substances, of a considerable portion of marsh gas, not previously known as a product of the stomach.

M. Liais, director of the observatory of Rio, describes a new arrangement of his mural circle (made by Dollond), which is intended to convert it into an instrument suitable for determining right ascensions. Within the tube of the mural circle telescope (M) is fixed a plane mirror, which is perpendicular to the axis of rotation of the mural circle. At ten feet from the circle, and looking toward it, is a telescope with high magnifying power (A). Close to A is a mark (*mire*) which can be moved either vertically or horizontally by means of two micrometer screws of known value. If M is in any given position, the mark can be placed, by means of its micrometer screws, so as to be seen on the cross threads in the focus of A. If the mirror is truly perpendicular to the axis of the mural circle, and that axis is perfectly regular, the telescope M might be turned in any position, and the mark would still be on the cross threads of A. If, however, in a given position of M the mark is *not* on these threads, the micrometer screws of the mark will serve to bring the mark back to these threads, and in this way it may be determined how far the normal to the surface of the mirror is displaced horizontally and vertically for each position of M. In this way the position of M may be referred to a vertical plane passing through the north and south collimators of the mural circle. The ordinary formulæ for the transit instrument will serve for this purpose, if, first, the angle formed by the optical axis of M with the fixed vertical plane (if the mirror is put into that plane) be substituted for the error of collimation; second, if for the error of azimuth be substituted the angle between the vertical plane through the normal to the mirror and the vertical plane perpendicular to the plane of reference; third, if for the error of inclination be substituted the angle between the normal to the mirror and the horizon.

These quantities can be determined from the micrometers of the mark, first, when the telescope M is directed on the two collimators, and second, when directed to the star observed. In this way the observations are reduced to the plane of reference, and this can be referred in the ordinary way to the meridian.

The south collimator at Rio is a mark in the focus of a long-focused objective. The north collimator is the axis of the prime vertical transit instrument, which is itself provided with collimators. Thus the meridian instruments of this observatory form one connected system. The device of Liais serves also to investigate the flexure of the telescope M.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is about 3308 miles by the most direct routes from New York to San Francisco. This trip across the continent usually occupies nearly seven days when no delays are made beyond what are absolutely needful. But now it is proposed to render the Centennial year more memorable by a remarkable railroad feat. At one o'clock on the morning of Thursday, June 1, a "special fast transcontinental train," consisting of one combination baggage and mail car, one elegant day coach, and one Pullman palace hotel car, will leave New York—or, strictly speaking, Jersey City—and it is expected that the passengers will dine in San Francisco on the following Sunday. The design is to accomplish the whole trip in eighty-eight hours. About twenty passengers will be carried. This enterprise is in charge of Mr. Henry C. Jarrett, and special precautions are taken to insure the comfort and safety of the passengers. It is the intention to run the train only about forty miles an hour, but this speed will be kept up continuously. The tickets for the trip are elegant and unique, being finely engraved, and making a little book of ten leaves, which is bound in silver, and for which a satin-lined casket is provided. The price of the tickets is $500—the fare including a week's board at the Grand Palace Hotel in San Francisco—and the passengers can return any time within six months from June 1.

Gossipers who concern themselves about the internal affairs of the royal family of England say that the Prime Minister recently found the Princess Beatrice with tear-stained eyes, because he had certified to Parliament that the new title would not affect the children of her Majesty. Some of her friends had already addressed notes to "Her Royal and Imperial Highness," and she liked it. Such gossip is ludicrous, whether it has a tinge of truth or not.

Fashion has a marvelous effect in moulding the opinions and the taste. A thing hideous in itself comes, after a time, to be endured, and then admired. This is fortunate. Otherwise the "fashions" would be a perpetual torture. It is said that in some African tribes the women look best with a large brass or bone ring through a hole in the upper lip.

The Signal Service last year cost something like $200,000. An exchange says that for this sum "Old Probabilities" should give us a bountiful supply of balmy breezes, beautiful sunshine, refreshing showers, and every thing else comfortable in the way of weather.

"Centenniadelphia" is the very latest name given to the Quaker City.

Holland appears to favor cremation more than any other country. One Dutch society numbers 1300 members. Numerous societies have been established in Germany. The "Urn Cremation Society" has invited all the European societies to a Congress which will be held at Dresden early in June. There will be one public meeting held then, and one "experimental" meeting held with closed doors.

Vesuvius has failed to gratify the numerous visitors who flocked to Naples in expectation of a grand eruption. About the middle of last December the volcano gave indications of unusual activity, and Professor Palmieri announced that a brilliant display was about to take place. Since that time people in that vicinity have been in a state of constant expectation. But Vesuvius has thus far contented itself with occasional exhibitions of smoke, ashes, and flame. Whether public curiosity will be gratified remains to be seen.

A short time ago the remains of Signora Anna Pozzi, who died in November last, were burned at Milan in the presence of her husband and a few persons representing the medical faculty, the municipality, and the Cremation Society.

An astrologer named Methralton, well known to the British public, was recently arrested and imprisoned. For ten years he has been advertising to "reveal futures" and supply "love talismans." In his house 70,000 letters were found, many of them being from people of rank.

Last December the "Fruit Mission" was organized by a number of ladies in this city who understood the needs of the sick in our public hospitals. The object is to supply fruit and other delicacies to the sick, under the direction of the hospital physicians. There are now between three and four thousand patients in our public hospitals whose comfort would be increased and whose recovery facilitated by the use of fruit and delicacies not supplied by the hospital rations. A single orange is often a luxury received with deep gratitude by a fever-parched patient.

Children have a hard time to learn the meaning of words; and what wonder is it? "Ma, what is lanker?" inquired a bright-looking child the other day.

"I'm sure I don't know, my son; where did you hear the word?"

"Why, at Sunday-school. You know they sing, 'We'll stand the storm, it won't be long; we'll lanker by-and-by.'"

A disgraceful scene recently occurred in Paris on the occasion of the opening of a new skating rink. The building was capable of holding two thousand persons, but the managers had issued many more tickets of invitation. The doors were no sooner opened than the place was crowded to suffocation, yet thousands continued to arrive. Crowd met crowd; it was impossible to get in or out; the greatest uproar prevailed; the police lost all control over the people; and that no terrible catastrophe occurred was only by great good fortune. As it was, many were seriously injured, and all more or less crushed and partially suffocated.

It was a feature of the Centennial opening, remarked by foreigners, that the great crowd of people were all well dressed, courteous, and appreciative. "Why have you to-day excluded all the poor people?" inquired a member of the German Commission, who had been in America but a short time. On being informed that all classes of Americans were well represented in the vast throng within the Centennial grounds, he was astonished and doubtful. "But where are your common people, your peasants?" he persisted. To which reply was made, "We are all common people; we have no peasants." The German, shaking his head wonderingly, muttered, "What a country! A hundred thousand people in a crowd, and not one peasant!"

English etiquette is something extraordinary, as an incident which recently occurred plainly shows. It is the rule that ladies who are introduced at court shall wear very low-bodied dresses. Just before the last Drawing-room, Lady ——, wife of a distinguished nobleman, wrote to the Lord Chamberlain, saying that she had recently been ill, and her shoulders had become so thin that she was ashamed to show them! The Chamberlain referred the matter to the Queen, and a grand consultation was held. After a long debate her Majesty consented to the innovation on condition that the dress was cut low in front. The court papers alluded to this exception in court dress, stating that it was by her Majesty's special and gracious permission!

The graduating class of the High School in Adrian, Michigan—that is, the girls of the class—received their diplomas this year in calico. In former years there have been instances where the expensive graduating dress has proved a very serious item to some members of the class; and it was proposed to overcome that difficulty this year by substituting a simple dress of inexpensive material.

Pneumonia, which has been so very prevalent during the past winter, does not always originate in "catching cold." Persons who are debilitated by fever, overwork, or unhealthy modes of living, or who expose themselves by sudden changes of clothing, are peculiarly liable to the disease. The best preventives are regular exercise, plenty of rest, nourishing diet, and avoidance of sudden changes in temperature. We have known many cases of pneumonia resulting from standing on a cold or damp surface with unprotected feet.

In reading a hymn to be sung one Sunday afternoon a New York minister recently said: "You may omit the fourth verse. I don't believe it's true."

An amusing anecdote has reference to the poet Longfellow. An Englishman, who had "traveled every where and seen every thing," on visiting America called on the poet. On entering the room, he exclaimed:

"Haw! yes, Mr. Longfellow, thought I ought to see the great American poet, 'n' sent in ma card."

The poet asked his visitor to be seated, when he resumed:

"You see, Mr. Longfellow, I've been great traveler, Sir; been all over the continent; been to Iceland, Sweden, Norway."

"Indeed. You must have found much to interest you?"

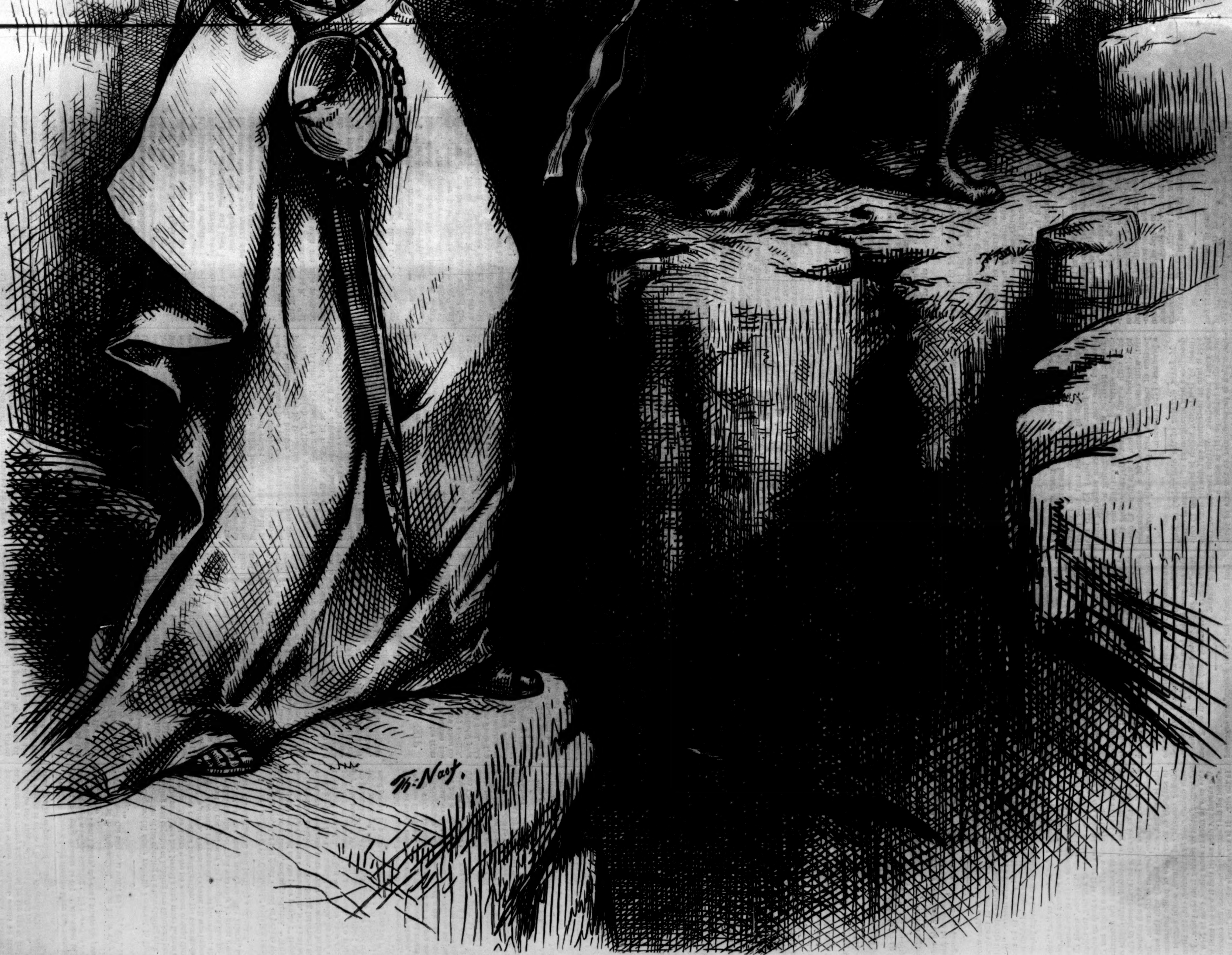
"Well, something; but it's getting to be an awful bwar. I've just come from Egypt; old country—antiquities, you know."

"Yes," replied the poet; "many interesting remains of past ages."

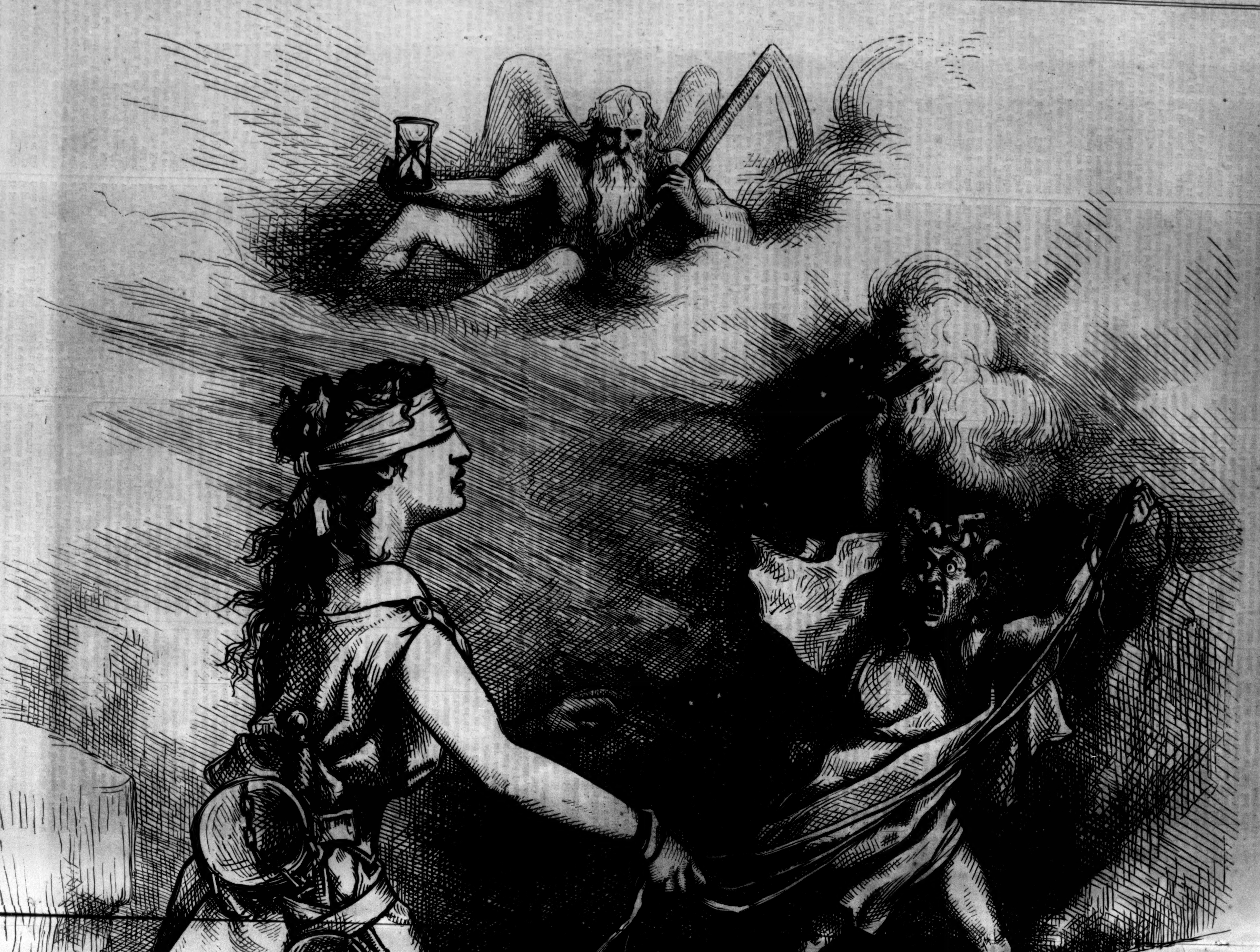
"Ah, yes—just so, exactly; heaps of old ruins. I like ruins. Now every thing's new here in America, you know—can't find any old ruins—so thought I'd come an' see you."

An anonymous communication is seldom worthy of notice. But we are rather amused at the vigor with which "A German Lady" contradicts a pretty little description of the aspect of a Berlin theatre. "Gossip," as every body knows, is not pledged to be absolute truth; nevertheless, it might be queried which was the most reliable—a paragraph from a foreign paper or an anonymous letter.

But our "German Lady" informs us that "should it ever happen that some green peasant woman, occupying a seat in those regions of the opera-house which theatrical vernacular calls 'Olympus,' would all of a sudden fancy to pull out her knitting, the ubiquitous eyes of the man whose duty it is to keep up order and decorum in 'Olympus' would soon frown her down, and put to that innocent creature the alternative, to resign her knitting to the unfathomable depths of her pocket, or take his advice and avail herself of the open air." Now *we* have never seen any such authority exercised in any theatre, German or otherwise. But the idea is excellent, and we heartily wish that some one in authority in every place of public amusement, including concerts and lectures, would suggest to all who disturb order by whispering, etc., the alternative of keeping quiet or retiring from the place. Perhaps this may be done in some places, even in New York. We should not dare assert that it was *not* until we had visited *all* the theatres, opera-houses, and concert halls in the city. It is very simple when we have seen any thing done ourselves to make an assertion to that effect, but it is quite different to declare that a thing has never been done because we have not been a witness to it.



"'TIS THE TIMES' PLAGUE, WHEN MADMEN LEAD THE BLIND."—SHAKSPEARE.



THE CENTENNIAL.

ONE of the distinguishing features of our Centennial Exhibition is that of the separate buildings erected by foreign governments and many of the States as head-quarters for their Commissioners. Some of these buildings, or cottages, as they are called, are of very tasteful design, and in some of them, as in the case of the English cottages, the Connecticut building (a country farm-house of the old colonial pattern), and others, the architectural type is distinctive and appropriate. Several of these cottages are shown on page 444. The sketch was made from a point near the English cottages, looking in an easterly direction along what is known as State Avenue, on which most of these buildings are situated. The New York building, on the southern side of the avenue, is a showy and convenient building, with ample piazza room. The Governor's room, office, and the ladies' apartments are handsomely furnished and hung with paintings. New Hampshire has a plain square structure fifty by fifty feet, situated east of Connecticut's cottage. Further to the east are the head-quarters of the Michigan people, beyond which are the head-quarters of Wisconsin and Illinois. Indiana comes next, with a building of striking appearance. A little further to the eastward we come to one of the most substantial structures of the State group, that of Ohio. It is built of dressed stone from the quarries of that State. Some of the State buildings are so situated that they could not be included in the picture. Kansas and Colorado occupy a large building in the form of a cross, surmounted by a tower. Arkansas has a spacious octagonal building eighty feet in diameter, and situated near the British buildings. West Virginia, near by, has a pretty cottage, with an exhibition hall annexed, for the display of the products of the State. These State buildings form the separate head-quarters for the visitors from the several States, where they can register their names, see their local newspapers, and make a sort of temporary home. But few have any exhibits, the States as a rule occupying spaces in the Main Building.

On the same page with these buildings will be found sketches of scenes at one of the entrances, and at one of the stations of the railway that conveys visitors from one part of the grounds to another—an arrangement by which time is saved and unnecessary fatigue avoided.

We have already given a full description of Horticultural Hall, an interior view of which will be found on page 445. This beautiful building is one of the most attractive features of the Exhibition, both in design and in the rare treasures of nature gathered within its walls from every part of the world.

Of Mr. REINHART's admirable sketches of character and incident on page 452 it seems almost superfluous to say a word, but for the benefit of those who have not yet visited the Exhibition we add a note or two of explanation. The young man who appears to be undergoing the tortures of the thumb-screw is the fortunate possessor of a free season ticket. In order that it may not be transferred to another, his photograph, taken on the grounds for fifty cents, is pasted on the ticket and officially stamped. When his pass is presented at the narrow turnstile, which admits only one person at a time, the gate-keeper compares the photograph with the original; but what provision is made for future growth of beard, shaving, or otherwise changing one's appearance we can not say. "Broken" illustrates an incident of frequent occurrence during the unpacking of goods for exhibition. Our artist saw, among many other lamentable incidents of this kind, a large and magnificent slab of porcelain from Mexico which had been broken in transit, and has given us the "opening scene," without the vigorous comments, which were not intended for "ears polite." There is a Bureau of Indemnification, where all such cases must be immediately reported.

The sketch of Elm Avenue was made by our artist on the opening day, and gives a very graphic idea of the multitude that crowded all the roads leading to the grounds on that occasion. The sketch was made from a spot immediately in front of the space between the Main Building and Machinery Hall. On the extreme right is seen a part of the Globe Hotel, in the centre the Transcontinental Hotel, and on the left a part of the south front of the Main Building.

Since the opening day, when nearly a quarter of a million of people visited the grounds, the daily attendance, though large, has not come up to the sanguine expectations of the Commissioners. This is owing to a variety of reasons. Thousands of persons at a distance are waiting for the Exhibition to be put in perfect order before they go to the expense of money and time which the visit will compel them to incur. The weather, too, has been unpropitious. June doubtless will witness the beginning of an enormous rush from all parts of the country. Something, also, must be laid to the account of the regulations established by the Commissioners in regard to admittance. The arbitrary and absurd rule requiring every visitor to be provided with a fifty-cent note or silver half dollar keeps away thousands of people, and it should be rescinded without delay. There is no good reason why two persons in company should not be allowed to pay for admission with a dollar bill, or why two twenty-five-cent notes should not be received for one visitor. The small advantage claimed for the rule, that it facilitates the counting of the money received at the gates, should not be allowed to weigh for a moment against the inconvenience to visitors caused by its enforcement. Still another reason for the comparatively small attendance is the prevailing opinion that the price of admission is too high, and that children should be admitted at half rates. It is impossible to see the Exhibition at one visit. A person must go many times, to obtain a satisfactory idea of what any one building contains, and this requires an expenditure of money which thousands of people can not afford. It bears especially hard upon poor families, and is prohibitory upon those who live at a distance from Philadelphia, and who, in addition to the entrance fee, must incur the expense of the journey and of boarding-house or hotel life for several days. The suggestion to reduce the price of admission on certain days for the accommodation of the working classes is un-American; the price should be uniform for all, and set at such a figure that all may avail themselves of the advantages and pleasures of the Exhibition. The prevailing sentiment that fifty cents is too high, and that the price will sooner or later be reduced one-half, has much to do with keeping people away. The question ought to be decided at once, and if the Commissioners are wise, they will decide in favor of a rate which will enable the working people of America to visit the Exhibition with their families without incurring a burdensome expense.

THE OLD BOARDING-HOUSE.

"ELIZABETH, stop flattening your nose against that window-pane, and listen to me."

What a terribly shrill tone there was in Miss Jemima's voice that chilly November morning!

Elizabeth turned her head slowly half-way round, and then back went the eager little face to the window again. There was a goat outside, and he had just extracted a huge piece of brown paper from an opposite area, under which he had taken refuge to escape the rain, and was apparently making a comfortable breakfast off it. Now Elizabeth felt an interest in the goat, and she felt none whatever in what Miss Jemima had to say. He looked very dreary and desolate out there in the rain, and she wondered how he felt—whether he had ever lived in the country and had things to his taste, and if it was very disagreeable to him to be confined to the city, to breakfast off brown paper, and be compelled to hunt through the gutters for a morsel for his dinner. He looked as if he were miserable—so very shaggy and dirty and wretched, with the rain trickling down his sides and dripping from his nose. She felt very forlorn and miserable too, and misery loves company; so she watched the goat, and forgot to listen to Miss Jemima.

But Miss Jemima's demands for attention were not to be lightly put aside.

"Elizabeth" (this time in a louder tone and a higher key), "you are making a spot on that window with your nose, and I want to talk to you about the butter."

"My nose has nothing to do with the butter, and I don't listen with it, either. What *is* the matter?"

The goat was nearly out of sight now. He had consumed the brown paper, but not satisfied his appetite, and was compelled to forage again. At that moment there was nothing left of him within Elizabeth's range of vision but the end of his tail. He had stopped, and she was anxious to know if he had found any thing—she didn't want his breakfast to be all brown paper, poor thing!—so she jammed her nose more persistently against the window-pane. He was desolate, like herself, and she sympathized with him, for she thought life used them both badly. When she saw him lift his head with a disappointed air, she was sorry for him, and it was not until he had quite passed beyond her view that she brought herself back with a jerk to Miss Jemima.

"What has the butter done?" she inquired, with the bewildered air of an individual who has let his attention wander from a conversation, and finds it difficult to bring his mind back to the subject under consideration.

"Done, you goose!" wailed Miss Jemima, in a tone in which wrath was strangely mingled with despair. "It's all gone."

"Gone?—gone where?" asked Elizabeth, who was even more dreamily stupid than usual this morning.

Poor Miss Jemima! Elizabeth was a terrible trial to her, and she had so many trials. Miss Jemima belonged to that class of unfortunate women who have had a fierce struggle with the world, and in the course of the battle she had received many wounds. The world yields the living it owes us all very grudgingly to many men, but to the women who undertake the fight single-handed it presents so severe and discouraging a front that the wonder is they ever succeed at all. Miss Jemima was a veteran now. She had fought a great many years for the means to support the life she had never enjoyed, and she was in the midst of the strife yet. She was worried and distressed, and greatly disposed to think she was in possession of the monopoly of all wretchedness. There was something very pathetic in the anxious expression of her light gray eyes and the downward curves at the corners of her hopelessly homely mouth, but there was also something very ridiculous in the daily catalogue of Miss Jemima's woes, and the terrible eagerness with which she anticipated all sorts of miseries that never happened. Elizabeth thought she was the most aggravatingly dismal and despondent human being that ever any one was forced to live with. But then Miss Jemima held quite as unfavorable an opinion of Elizabeth; for of all the thorns, and there had been a great many, that ever pierced Miss Jemima's flesh, Elizabeth was the sharpest.

This same Elizabeth, commonly called Bess, was Miss Jemima's sister, fifteen years younger than herself, and, according to Jemima's simple theology, an all-convincing argument in favor of the doctrine of total depravity.

No one passes through this vale of tears without many trials, whether they be great or small; but surely to the lot of no other human being falls so large an accumulation of petty cares and annoyances as the mistress of a second-class boarding-house in a large city is called upon to endure. And the position of mistress of a large establishment for lodgers, in one of the most tortuous streets of the crooked city of Boston, was the state of life in which poor, pathetic, worried Miss Jemima was called upon to do her wearing and difficult duty.

Bess's busy brain was perplexing itself over a difficult problem this morning, while she jammed her nose against the window-pane, and forgot to pay attention to Jemima's tale of woe. She was wondering where her place was in this dismal, rainy world, and however she could get into it.

It was eight years ago now since Bess and Miss Jemima left the old farm-house in New England where their presence had been barely tolerated by a hard-fisted relative, who gave them a grudging shelter. Mrs. Brown, former mistress of the old boarding-house, knew of Miss Jemima's hard lot on the poverty-stricken farm among the granite hills, and, needing assistance with her large family and numerous cares, had sent for poor Jemima to come to Boston, and given her permission to bring Bess.

It was a happy change for the two unfortunates. Mrs. Brown was a good-natured old lady, and on the day when she expected the two wanderers to arrive she told their sad story to John, and concluded it with the request that he would meet them at the station and bring them safely to the house.

John was the young man who lodged in the fourth story back. He was book-keeper for a retail house on Summer Street, and had boarded with Mrs. Brown a long time before Bess and Jemima made their first appearance in Boston.

It was John that made his way across the city, and waited patiently until the train arrived and emptied its crowd of weary passengers upon the platform. He found no difficulty in recognizing them; and suppressing a smile at the bewilderment expressed by Jemima's pathetic features, and the consternation in Bess's big round eyes, as they were jostled and hustled by the hurrying crowd, he introduced himself, and giving the poor little hair trunk in charge of an expressman, deposited Bess and Jemima safely in a street car. They were very tired. Weary with travel, and frightened by the noise and confusion around her, Jemima could with difficulty repress her tears, and Bess sobbed wildly, and clung to John for protection; and he took excellent care of them both until they reached the house, where he handed them over to Mrs. Brown for comfort and consolation. This was the beginning of city life for Jemima and Bess.

Good old Mrs. Brown took them both into her capacious arms and heart, and for the first time a bright ray of the sunshine of affection and kindness shone upon Jemima's dreary life.

"Takin' lodgers was tryin'," as Mrs. Brown frequently allowed; "but them as hasn't rent to pay hasn't it so hard. If they doesn't like things, and finds fault with the help, let 'em go where they're better suited. You can 'most always make the ends meet if you ain't got the rent to worry about." Mrs. Brown was fortunately situated. She had no children, and no rent to pay, and so remained cheerful and contented in spite of frequent vexatious encounters with the troublesome inmates of her house. Jemima wondered if she would have been cheerful and contented if she had been the widow of a well-to-do corner grocer, without Bess to worry her, and in possession of a comfortable house. Poor Jemima! who had never had more than a few dollars of her own at any one time in the whole course of her hard-working life.

Mrs. Brown was kind to Jemima and indulgent to Bess, though Bess exhausted the whole force of her juvenile intellect in the conception and execution of every possible sort of mischief. It was Bess who put the kitten in the water pitcher to "see how he would look all wet," and set the fish to swimming in the wash-tub after they were fried for breakfast. It was Bess who hid in dark passages and flew out upon the frightened "help" until they gave warning, because they were "scairt to death by that brat." It was Bess who hid Mrs. Brown's best cap in the flour barrel, and tumbled down stairs head-foremost with an appalling clatter while the family were at meals. Jemima's shrill tones were heard at all hours of the day in violent remonstrance and severe expostulation; but no amount of argument, entreaty, or severity availed with Bess. There was only one influence to which she was ever known to yield, and that was John. He became her firm friend and champion. It was John who protected her from Mrs. Gruntley's threats and Mr. Jones's wrath; John who took her to the circus, and gave her peppermint drops, and petted her when she sometimes came to grief herself in her attempts to torment somebody else. She had frequently chosen him for the victim of her misdemeanors too; but Bess was so perfectly wretched when John was "cross to her" in those days that their difficulties were always very soon made up by Bess promising "never to do so any more, not never again," and John agreeing to forgive her after receiving the promise. The irrepressible animation she had formerly worked off out-of-doors was now shut up within four walls, and the attention she received and the injudicious petting administered during her first sorrowful days in the city by good Mrs. Brown had developed a capacity for mischief undreamed of while she remained under the severe discipline of the farm-house.

Jemima began to fear that the inexhaustible energy displayed by Bess in devising schemes for the annoyance of her victims would end in their both being dismissed from the house where they had found refuge. But good Mrs. Brown had too much justice in her soul to visit the sins of the juvenile offender upon her distressed sister; and, besides, she was disposed to regard Bess's iniquities as leniently as possible, for the motherly old soul fancied she could trace a slight resemblance somewhere about Bess's audacious little pug-nose to the same organ on the well-beloved countenance of her departed grocer. This resemblance was a fortunate thing for Bess, for the good old lady's patience was not endless, and Bess's appetite for mischief was inappeasable. If Bess's nose had been of a contour either Greek or Roman, she and Jemima might have found themselves homeless wanderers in the streets of Boston on the morning after Mr. Jones's hat, for which he had been searching fully an hour, was discovered on the head of the pump in the back yard. Mr. Jones was a good boarder; he paid very regularly, and occupied the third story front. If it had been the third story back, who had a sick wife and two children, and was very irregular and uncertain in his payments, Mrs. Brown would have been less severe; but she could not have Mr. Jones trifled with, and Bess received a severe reprimand.

After this there was comparative quiet in the house for a day or two, but it was only the calm that precedes a storm. On Sunday Bess undertook the descent of the staircase by way of the balusters, with a broom in her hand for a balancing pole. Long practice had made Bess both skillful and daring in this sort of exercise, and the descent would probably have been successfully accomplished on this occasion but for an unlooked-for accident. Just as Bess had started on her perilous undertaking from the second-floor landing, Phœbe, the up-stairs girl, appeared on the landing below with a waiter in her hands, upon which was arranged with great care the dinner for the hypochondriac old lady who occupied the second story front. Bess's attention was attracted by the rattle of dishes beneath her, and in turning her head slightly to one side, in order to see what was going on below, she lost her balance. Over she went, with her head downward, her feet in the air, and the broom bumping wildly against the staircase and opposite wall. There was a wild shriek from Phœbe, a wilder yell from Bess, and a terrible commotion among the crockery, as the waiter fell from Phœbe's hands with a fearful crash, and the plates and cups and saucers rolled frantically one after another down the kitchen stairs. In less than a minute every inmate of the house was on the scene; and in the centre of the group stood the wretched cause of all the excitement, with her head on one side and her finger in her mouth, entirely unhurt, while fragments of roast beef, potatoes, and pudding lay scattered over her hair and neck and dress, and little rivulets of gravy and sweetmeats dripped from her skirts. Bess had fallen upon the waiter, and probably owed her life to Phœbe's presence of mind in letting go of it and promptly seizing the child. But Phœbe gave warning immediately, and the old lady in the second story front refused to remain in the house another day unless Bess was instantly removed from the premises.

Like David Copperfield, when Miss Betsey acted upon Mr. Dick's advice, Bess was "washed," and then locked up in Jemima's room while Mr. Jones, Mrs. Brown, and Jemima met in council to decide upon her fate. Mr. Jones was indignant, Jemima tearful, and Mrs. Brown seriously disturbed. Mr. Jones was of the opinion that the culprit should be soundly whipped, and quoted Scripture to strengthen the force of his argument. Jemima, who had learned by experience the inadequacy of corporal punishment to control Bess's depravity, only wept silently when this idea was suggested, and looked imploringly at Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Brown was revolving an idea in her head, and only hesitated to announce it on account of the expense it involved; but finally the inexhaustible benevolence of the dear old lady, in combination with the resemblance between Bess's nose and that of the deceased grocer, prevailed, and she announced her decision. Bess should "go to school." In this way the wrath of the old lady on the second floor would be appeased, Phœbe's faithful services would be retained, Jemima's mind set at ease, and peace and quiet restored to the establishment. Jemima had been of great assistance in lightening Mrs. Brown's labors since she had been with her, and Mrs. Brown appreciated her patient devotion to her arduous duties. She felt that Jemima merited some reward for her devoted service, and then, in spite of all her wickedness, there was still a tenderness in the good old lady's heart toward sinful Bess.

So Bess was hurried off to a cheap school in the country before she fully realized what they were doing with her or had time to protest. However, remonstrance on her part would have been useless, for the arbiters of her fate were determined, and Bess was banished.

Then ensued the calmest period of Jemima's life. The days flowed smoothly along for the first time in all the record of her worried existence, and several years went by. But just as the corners of her mouth were learning to relax from their grim downward curve, and the perpendicular lines above her nose began to smooth themselves out a little, a new calamity befell Jemima. Good Mrs. Brown was taken sick, and after a long illness, during which she received the most devoted care from her faithful friend and servant, departed this life to rejoin her deceased grocer in another world.

And now grim care seized upon poor Jemima again. She had spent six peaceful and comparatively happy years while her friend and patroness lived, but now she was alone again, with Bess and herself to provide for, and only her own unaided efforts to win a living for them both. Mrs. Brown had recommended her to keep on with the house, and left her the good-will of the lodgers and a few hundred dollars in the bank. But there was the rent to pay. The heirs were disposed to be as accommodating as possible, but when they came into the property they wanted the revenue from it, and though unwilling to distress poor Jemima, they must insist upon their due. So Miss Jemima, as she had always been called, became mistress of the house in the place of good Mrs. Brown. She was familiar already with the heavy burden of care and responsibility, but before she had had no experience of the grim nightmare called quarter-day. This was a phantom that pursued her remorselessly now. Four times a year did Jemima tremble at the approach of the terrible day upon which the agent appeared with what seemed to her his exorbitant demands. So she saved and pinched, and grew harder and thinner and more fretful.

Bess's school bills could be paid no longer; indeed, all expenses must be reduced to their smallest possible limit in order that the rent might be forth-coming. So Jemima sent for Bess to come home. It was six years now since the memorable day when Bess made her sudden plunge from the second-story landing into the tray containing old Mrs. Gruntley's dinner—six years from the time when that ludicrous disaster resulted in her summary banishment from the old boarding-house.

Now she was back again. Mrs. Gruntley was there still, but to this day she had never forgiven Bess the shock her nerves received on that occasion, and Mr. Jones still retained a recollection of the pranks played with his wearing apparel. The other boarders were new, with the exception of John, and therefore had no past memories to assist them in forming an opinion of the young lady who appeared so suddenly among them; but there was a prejudice against Bess in the house, and Bess returned their dislike with all her heart.

There was her old friend John, but Bess was not thinking about John on that rainy morning, a month after her return from the country, as she stood at the window watching the goat, while Jemima wailed about the butter, and lamented the insatiable appetites of her boarders. John was just the same great, big, good-natured, affectionate John he had always been so long as Bess had known him, ever since she had cried herself to sleep in his arms that dismal evening in the street car when she and Jemima made their first acquaintance with ugly old Boston.

But since Bess became a young lady John was inclined to be slightly afraid of the imposing young person in black alpaca who made them occasional visits during the school holidays; and as for Bess—Bess had fallen into the habit of considering all the conditions of her existence as hopelessly horrible and uninteresting, and she included John among the rest. But this morning Bess felt that she wanted a little sympathy and advice. She realized that an immense sum must be forth-coming next month to meet the demands of quarter-day; and that morning she had discovered that a tiny hole was about to make its appearance in the elbow of her best alpaca dress. This combination of circumstances was so depressing that Bess made up her mind that she must do something to assist Jemima, and relieve her, at least, of any further care of her troublesome self. But the question was, What could she do?—she was so utterly good for nothing. Suddenly a bright thought struck her. She would ask John. She always used to go to John when she was in a scrape. Why not now? Circumstances were favorable, for at that moment John appeared on the scene. He had just descended from regions above, and seated himself at the further end of the table.

"John," said Bess, coming round to his side of the table and subsiding into a chair. Then, leaning her head meditatively on her hand, and putting her black alpaca elbow in the bread plate—"John, what can I do?"

John, like the true Yankee he was, parried one question with another.

"What do you want to do?"

"Nothing; but one must live. Next month Jemima has got the rent to pay, and she hasn't nearly money enough; and she says you all eat so much. And my dress is all wearing out, and I must do something to earn some money. Now, John, what *can* I do?"

This was certainly a perplexing question. John pulled his mustache with a bewildered air, and Bess looked at him disconsolately.

"Could you teach school?"

"Me!—I don't know any thing."

John wondered what she had been about all those years at school, but he made no comment.

"Could you serve in a store?"

"And stand up all day in a box?"

"A counter isn't a box," said John.

"But so like one—only just your head and shoulders out; and I must have room to move about, don't you see?"

John didn't see. He thought there were a great many people who didn't have much room to move about in, but he didn't say so.

"No, I couldn't do that," said Bess, shaking her head mournfully and heaving a long sigh.

"Can you sew?" asked John, after meditating a few minutes.

"No. If I could, I'd mend that hole;" and Bess pulled her sleeve round her arm with her thumb and forefinger, and pointed out to John a small hole, where the gray lining was beginning to show through.

John looked at the plump little arm in the worn sleeve, and then up at the bright little face, with its brown eyes, rosy cheeks, and audaciously impertinent nose, and an idea came into his head. It was not a new idea by any means, but it was one that John had never dared encourage. It had been dancing about in his brain off and on for two years, and as often as it forced itself upon his notice John valiantly chased it away. Sometimes it would take possession of him for days; then, again, John would conquer it entirely, and it would not dare attack him for weeks. But just as he thought he had done with it altogether, it was sure to come back again to torment him. When Bess came home for her holidays this idea would seize upon him relentlessly, and he could not get rid of it for days after she was gone. He had always made a violent struggle against it, for until lately John's income had been so small as to make the encouragement of any such fancy very impossible and ridiculous; but last summer his employers had raised his salary to what he considered quite a magnificent sum, and as soon as that was done the idea came back again with redoubled energy, and John never tried to get rid of it again. Indeed, he took to encouraging it in a frightened sort of way. Now this idea was immediately connected with Bess, but up to this time John had never dared to think of communicating it to her. Indeed, he was so much in awe of this young person with the pug-nose and shabby elbow that if the conversation had not taken a very peculiar turn this morning, I doubt if John would ever have dared to say any thing about it.

"John, you ought to have been down to breakfast!" began Bess, irrelevantly. Bess's mind was of such a nature that it never could concentrate itself very long on any one subject, and at this moment the important matter under consideration went completely out of her head, all because she happened to catch sight of the empty butter plate.

"Oh, John, if you only *could* have been here this morning! We were just about half through breakfast, when Mr. Jones helped himself to all the butter there was on the plate. Then Jemima said, 'Mr. Jones, do you know that butter cost fifty cents the pound, Sir?' 'It's wuth it, marm—wuth it,' said the old wretch, as he put a piece an inch thick on his biscuit. Oh, John, if you could only have seen Jemima's face as he said it!" And Bess broke into a peal of laughter that brought Phœbe in from the kitchen to see what was the matter.

"I say, John, wouldn't it be nice if Mr. Jones was to marry Jemima? I wouldn't have to do any thing then, you see," continued Bess, her mind relapsing back to her own difficulties.

This was John's opportunity. The idea came to the front, and he blurted it out before he had time to think.

"Why couldn't you marry me?"

"Oh, John!" shrieked Bess, in such an excited tone that John upset his coffee on Jemima's clean table-cloth. Then she jumped up and flew to the window. There was no goat now to look at, only a gloomy street, with the rain pouring down. She did see half a potato borne along by the rushing torrents in the gutter, and in spite of the wonderful event that had just happened to her, thought of the goat, and hoped he would get it.

John was agitated too, but now he had begun the business, it did not alarm him nearly so much as the thinking about it had used to do. He gave up all further attempts at a breakfast, however. It had been an unlucky breakfast from the beginning, and John frequently quoted it afterward as the worst meal he ever made in his life.

After Bess's frantic rush to the window, he was very much at a loss what to do next. He wished that Bess would say something, but she evidently had no intention of doing any thing of the kind; so, after waiting a few minutes, he went to the window, and summoning all his courage, he gathered the little black figure all up in his arms. Bess made no resistance, only began to cry. This was Bess's usual way of managing all emergencies. Whenever her native impudence failed her, as it did on this occasion, she always began to cry. John was familiar with this peculiarity, and so it did not alarm him. He only kissed the little mouth very tenderly, and as he did so, a shabby little sleeve stole gently round his neck, and the tears fell on his shirt bosom and took all the starch out of it.

As soon as Bess could command her feelings sufficiently to speak, and could gain possession of her mouth for that purpose, she said, "Oh, John, won't it be an awful load off Jemima's mind?"

The old boarding-house has fallen into the hands of strangers. But there is a cunning little cottage out on the Cambridge road. In it you can find John and Bess and Jemima, and they are not alone, for one day there came a most ridiculous, red-faced, bald-headed little baby, who took up his abode with them, and Phœbe had to be sent for to help take care of him.

Jemima sometimes looks at Bess and thinks what remarkable material Providence chooses to make wives and mothers out of; but since John has taken charge of Bess, and there is no quarter-day to be dreaded, Jemima takes more cheerful views of life. She has found out why they make so many girls: the girls grow up to be women, and it takes three women to look after one baby.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE, 1876.

Sunday,	4.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday,	11.—Trinity-Sunday; St. Barnabas.
Sunday,	18.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday,	24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday,	25.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	29.—St. Peter.

JULY.

Sunday,	2.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	9.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	16.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	23.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	25.—St. James.
Sunday,	30.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

May is in England, as in America, the month of anniversaries. Even in overgrown London they are attended by numerous audiences. On Monday, May 1, the day of their annual missionary meeting, the Wesleyans had filled Exeter Hall by eleven o'clock in the morning. Here they remained till four in the afternoon, many persons standing the entire five hours. The total income of the Wesleyan Missionary Society during the year was £159,105; among the large contributions was one of £200 from the King of Holland. The society has in its service 360 missionaries, and takes charge in its foreign missions of 78,039 members and 10,000 probationers. Among the speakers were the Rev. Dr. Punshon, the Rev. Gervase Smith, president of the Conference, and the Rev. Dr. Mullins, of the London Missionary Society.

The annual meeting of the British National Temperance League demonstrated the great progress made by the temperance movement during the past few years. It was reported that there are in India seventy-one regimental, brigade, and garrison temperance societies. In her Majesty's navy there are 151 such societies, having nearly 5000 members. A petition to Parliament in favor of Sunday closing of public-houses both in Ireland and in England was adopted by the meeting.

On Tuesday, May 2, the Church of England Missionary Society held its annual meeting in Exeter Hall. The receipts for the year were £191,237—nearly one million of dollars. The society maintains 111 European and 181 native clergymen, and has charge of 24,450 communicants. A diocese has been organized under its direction in the Saskatchewan region of our own continent; £12,000 have been subscribed to the Nyanza mission, in Central Africa.

The English Baptist Missionary Society reports for the year receipts amounting to £44,762, and expenditures in excess of that sum. In India 90,000 copies of portions of the Scriptures have been issued from the Calcutta mission press. Most of these copies (in Hindi, Garo, and Bengali) have been sold—a fact which proves that there is a native demand for the Christian Bible. Several of the native churches have assumed the entire charge of the maintenance of their pastors.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have made a short visit to St. Louis, where they have held "densely thronged meetings." They proceeded thence to Kansas City, to attend the Sunday-school Convention which began May 17. They were expected to be present at the Illinois State Sunday-school Convention on May 23.

On Thursday, May 18, the sessions of the Presbyterian General Assembly for 1876 began in Dr. Talmage's church, Brooklyn, with an attendance of four hundred Commissioners. The opening sermon was delivered by the Moderator of the last Assembly, on the "Past and Future of American Presbyterianism." The Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke, of Brooklyn, was elected Moderator. The Rev. Dr. Talmage welcomed the Assembly to Brooklyn in his usual hearty manner. The expression of a wish in his address that the Northern and Southern Presbyterian Churches might soon become one called forth loud applause. Dr. Van Dyke, who was of the Old School branch before the reunion, was very gracefully nominated by Rev. Dr. William Adams, a leader of the New School division of Presbyterianism.

The Pope has re-established the Catholic hierarchy in Greece, which has till now been a missionary jurisdiction. The archdiocese of Athens has been created, and Monsignor Marango, Delegate Apostolic, has been named as the incumbent. This arrangement has been made in compliance with the wishes of the king, George I. There are in Continental Greece five Catholic stations: in Attica, three—Athens, the Piræus, and Aracli; in the Peloponnesus, two—Patras and Nauplia.

"The heathen Chinee" has a newspaper of his own in San Francisco, in which he expresses his opinion of foreigners or barbarians quite freely. It is called *T'ang Fan Koong Pao* ("Chinese and Foreign Newspaper"). In defending the Confucian system it is very earnest, and speaks contemptuously of Christian mission work. Some copies have been circulated in China. The appearance of this paper has led to the suggestion that it would be well to issue a pictorial Chinese weekly in San Francisco under the direction of Christian managers. The Chinese would be attracted by the illustrations, of which they are very fond. Copies of such a paper would readily find their way to China.

The work of the Roman Catholics among the freedmen of the United States is becoming organized, and should receive the attention of Protestant Christians. The training institution is St. Joseph's College, Mill Hill, London, of which the Bishop of Salford is the Superior-General. The first missionaries, four in number, started for this country in November, 1871. Six others have been trained, and are now in the United States. In February, 1875, the Bishop of Salford came over for the second time, and at a chapter held in Baltimore the work of the missionaries was consolidated. For the purpose of the Freedman's Mission the entire United States is formed into a province, under the charge of Rev. James Noonan, Provincial. The missions under his care are in Baltimore and Marlborough, Maryland; Louisville; and Charleston, South Carolina. Catholics in Europe are much interested in the success of this mission.

At the Methodist Episcopal General Conference the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Fowler, of Illinois, was elected editor of the New York *Christian Advocate;* the Rev. Dr. William Nast was elected editor of the *Christian Apologist* (German); the Rev. Dr. H. Liebhart, editor of the *German Family Magazine;* the Rev. Dr. Arthur Edwards, editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate;* the Rev. O. H. Warren, editor of the *Northern Christian Advocate;* the Rev. E. G. Fuller, editor of the *Methodist Advocate,* at Atlanta; the Rev. Francis S. Hoyt, editor of the *Western Christian Advocate;* the Rev. B. St. James Fry, editor of the *Central Christian Advocate;* the Rev. Dr. Wheeler, editor of the Pittsburg *Advocate;* and the Rev. John H. Acton, of Ohio, editor of the *Pacific Advocate.* The book agents at New York and Cincinnati were re-elected without opposition. The Rev. Drs. R. L. Dashiell and J. M. Reed were elected missionary secretaries. The Rev. Dr. A. J. Kynett was re-elected secretary of the Church Extension Board, and the Rev. Dr. R. S. Rust, secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society. The Conference passed resolutions strongly condemning the licenses given for the sale of liquors on the Exposition grounds.

The disposition of the great religious and moral societies of the country to utilize the Centennial Exposition for the promotion of their praiseworthy objects is very strong and natural. The Pennsylvania Bible Society has erected a pavilion near Horticultural Hall, where a register will be kept of Christian missionaries and officers of missionary associations, "of all countries and creeds," who may visit the Exposition. It is desired that such visitors will enter on the register their names and post-offices. The society will distribute Bibles in the various languages represented in the Exposition. Over its pavilion will float a white flag, with the legend, "O Earth, Earth, Earth, Hear the Word of the Lord." (Jer., xxii. 29.)

Some one has had the curiosity to inquire into the occupations of the lay members of the Methodist General Conference, sitting in Baltimore. Of the whole number, thirty are lawyers, twenty-one merchants, twelve manufacturers, seven teachers and educators, seven bankers, two physicians, and two farmers. The others are divided among a great variety of callings. The lawyers are not quite one-fourth of the entire number of lay delegates.

The *Official Gazette,* of Rome, denies the report that a conference of foreign diplomatists and cardinals has been held with a view to the devising of some means of terminating the conflict between the states of Europe and the papacy.

"Richmond," says the *Examiner and Chronicle,* "is always full of Baptists." During the session of the Southern Baptist Convention it has been fuller of representatives of that form of faith than ever. Among the visitors present from the North were the Rev. Dr. G. W. Samson, of New York, and the Rev. Dr. Lorimer, of Boston. The Rev. James P. Boyce, D.D., of Kentucky, was elected president. The Foreign Mission Board reported the receipt of $45,000 for the year, "which is some $13,000 above the average collections of the past three years." The Rome chapel fund amounts to $21,749, the interest of which pays the rent of the premises used by the Southern Baptists in that city. Dr. Lorimer, of Boston, preached the Convention sermon. Dr. J. L. M. Curry, who has just returned from Italy, gave a glowing account of the prospects of the missions in Italy under the care of the Convention. Stations are established at Milan, Lodi, Modena, Civita Vecchia, Naples, Bari, and Rome. Dr. George B. Taylor, who is in charge at Rome, preaches in Italian with great fluency. Dr. Curry exhibited a copy of the New Testament in Italian, which he had purchased at a place near the Vatican for five cents.

Not a few of the ministers in the Convention are men of great influence in the States of which they are citizens. The president, James P. Boyce, is president of Greenville Theological Seminary, and graduated from Brown University in 1847. His theological studies were pursued at Princeton Seminary. Dr. J. L. M. Curry is a graduate of the Harvard Law School, was before the war a member of Congress, and during the war a cavalry commander; he was ordained to the ministry in 1866, and since has become one of the ecclesiastical leaders in Virginia. Dr. Mell is a graduate of Amherst; his influence is so great in the region where he serves as pastor that it is popularly known as "Mell's Kingdom." Other well-known leaders are the Rev. Dr. J. Lansing Burrows, of Louisville, and the Rev. Drs. Toy, Furman, and Helm.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Pulpit Joke.—At a church in Scotland, where there was a popular call, two candidates offered to preach, of the names of Adam and Low. The latter preached in the morning, and took for his text, "Adam, where art thou?" He made a most excellent discourse, and the congregation were much edified. In the evening Mr. Adam preached, and took for his text, "Lo, here am I!" The impromptu and his sermon gained him the church.

A Glasgow antiquary recently visited an old castle, and asked one of the villagers if he knew any thing of an old story about the building. "Ay," said the rustic, "there was anither auld story, but it fell down lang syne."

A Hint for the Lazy.—The sun wouldn't be as bright as he is if it were not for his early rising.

He came from the country seven years ago, and is now a well-to-do merchant. Last week he wrote to the old folks, telling them he had married a lady with a very fine voice—a "mezzo-soprano of quite extraordinary compass." Yesterday he received an answer from the maternal side of the house, informing him that his lamented aunt was afflicted with something of that sort during her life, but had always found relief in placing a mustard plaster on the sole of each foot, and drinking a pint of dandelion tea.

Barbarous.—Two barristers in a country court—one of whom had gray hair, and the other, though just as old a man as his learned friend, had hair which looked suspiciously black—had some altercation about a question of practice, in which the gentleman with the dark hair remarked to his opponent, "A person at your time of life" (looking at the barrister's gray head) "ought to have long enough experience to know what is customary in such cases." "You may stare at my gray hair if you like. My hair will be gray as long as I live, and yours will be black as long as you *dye!*"

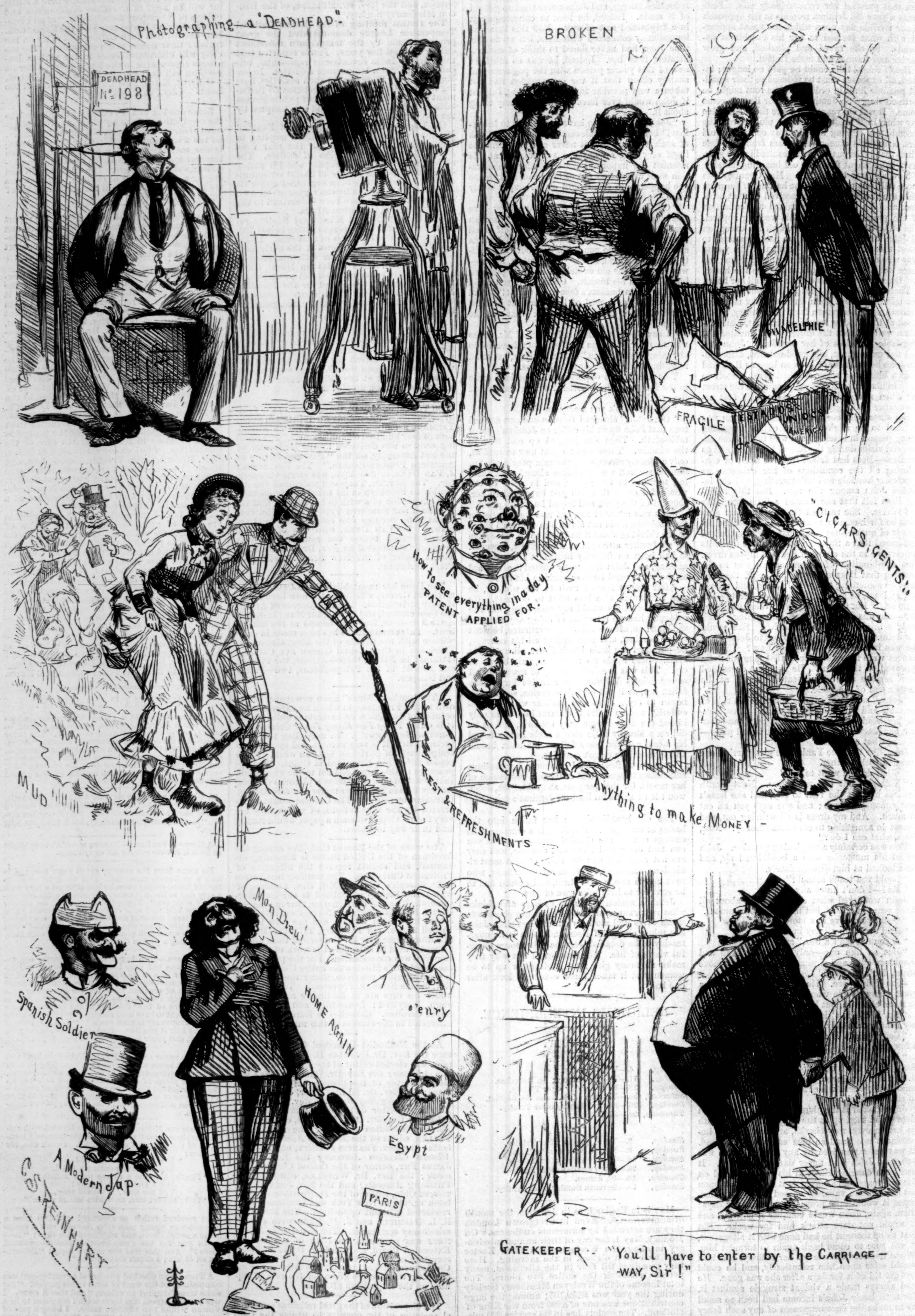
How to dress a Calf's Head.—Take your head and rub a thick lather all over the face, then pare off with a sharp instrument. Wipe well with a clean towel, and place pieces of starched linen about half-way up the cheek. Lard the crown with any kind of grease—a few drops of oil may be an improvement—and your calf's head will be dressed in the most approved modern style.

Rhymes for Month.—Now we are favored with numerous rhymes for "month," hitherto supposed incapable of forming part of a couplet. Here's one, for instance:

> "If a thweet pretty maid
> Thould have poutingly thaid,
> 'Pleathe give me a rhyme for a month;
> Don't teathe me, I pray!
> Tell me now,' I thould thay,
> 'Yeth, thweet one, now kith me at onth.'"

Art received rather an awkward criticism from a free-and-easy young man who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him thus: "Er—er—so you are the man—er—that makes—er—mud heads?" And this was the artist's reply: "Er—er—not all of 'em; I didn't make yours."

A Frenchman who had purchased a country-seat was complaining of the want of birds in his garden. "Set some traps," replied an officer, "and they'll come. I was once in Africa, and there wasn't supposed to be a woman within two hundred miles. I hung a pair of ear-rings and a bracelet upon a tree, and the next morning I found two women under the branches."


Photographing a "DEADHEAD".
DEADHEAD
No. 198
BROKEN
PHILADELPHIE
FRAGILE
ESTADOS UNIDOS de AMERICA
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How to see everything in a day
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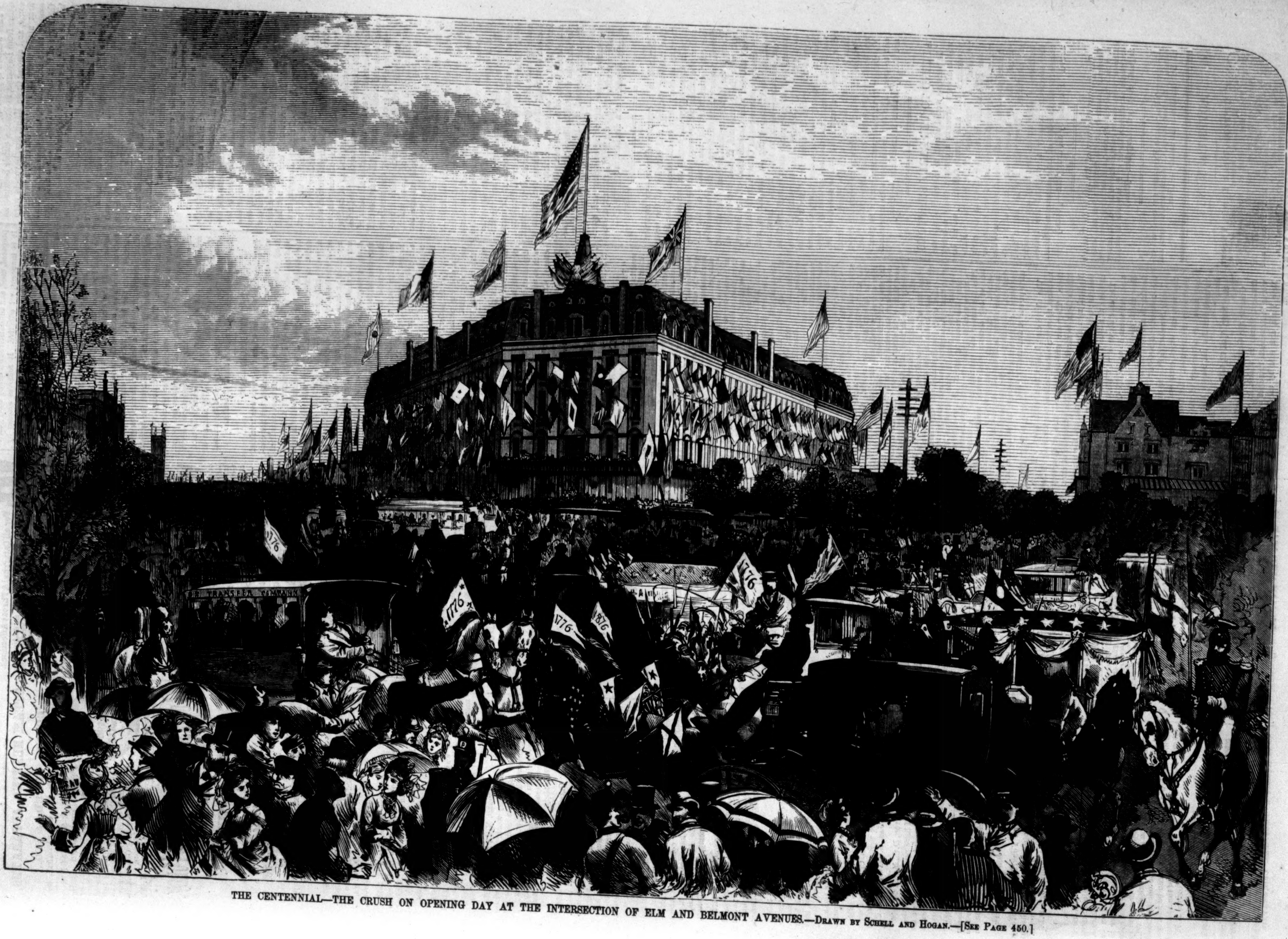
GATEKEEPER - "You'll have to enter by the CARRIAGE-WAY, Sir!"

THE CENTENNIAL—BITS FROM OUR ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.—[SEE PAGE 450.]


1776
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THE CENTENNIAL—THE CRUSH ON OPENING DAY AT THE INTERSECTION OF ELM AND BELMONT AVENUES.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 450.]

THE BAYONET.

This weapon is generally believed to derive its name from Bayonne, in France, either because, as some, and among these Mahn, say, bayonets were first made there in 1640, or because, as others, among these Diez, affirm, they were first used at the siege of that town in 1665. These dates can not be right, for we find *bayonette* defined in Cotgrave's *French-English Dictionary*, published in 1611, as "a kind of small, flat, pocket dagger, furnished with knives; or a great knife to hang at the girdle like a dagger." Then what reason is there for connecting the word with the French Bayonne? May the bayonet not as likely have derived its name from having been first manufactured at Bayona, in Toledo, the capital of which province was so famous for the manufacture of swords as to give its name to a species?

The matter is further complicated by Cotgrave giving *bayonnier* as "arbalestier" (which latter he defines as "a crosse-bow man, that shoots in or serves with a crosse-bow; also a crosse-bow maker"), and especially by his characterizing it as "an old word." *Bayonnier* naturally suggests the existence of a simpler word, such as *bayonne*, as the name of the weapon with which the *bayonnier* was armed, just as if, five hundred years hence, one should find the word *miller* standing alone in our language, he would naturally infer that the simpler word *mill* had previously existed, but had somehow dropped out of sight. *Bayonne*, in all probability, would not be a generic word, but merely a species either of the cross-bow or, which is more likely, the missile discharged from it, and, being so, would have little chance of being known outside the profession of arms, and so of finding its way into literature, the words *arbalest* and *arbalestier* representing to the uninitiated all sorts of cross-bows and cross-bow men. All of us can call to mind words in good use among the members of a particular profession or trade which are totally unintelligible to all outside of it, and which, if introduced into literature, would require for explanation a special glossary. Besides, we see in the numerous words existing in the Romance tongues, of which the antecedents do not exist in classical or written Latin, how far an unrecorded dialect, as rustic Latin, will influence future forms of speech. *Bayonette*, then, may be a diminutive of this *bayonne*, the weapon of the *bayonnier* (whatever may have been its origin), and the stories of the manufacture of bayonets at Bayonne, or of their use at its siege, are, in all likelihood, nothing more than eponyms invented to account for the etymology of a word whose real origin is involved in total darkness. Grimm gives *baie* as a dialectic form of *biene*, a bee. In the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines many Teutonic warlike terms entered the Italian. Could we, then, get from dialectic German *baie* an Italian augmentative *baione*, any thing stinging, and, specifically, the sting-like point fitted on an arquebuse, whence *baionetta* as a diminutive?

Catarrh is a common disease—so common that snuffing, spitting, and blowing of the nose meet us at every turn on the street. Your foot slips in these nasty discharges on the sidewalk and in the public conveyance; and its disagreeable odor, contaminating the breath of the afflicted, renders them offensive to their associates. There is the highest medical authority for stating that with fully one-half, if not two-thirds, of those afflicted with Consumption of the Lungs, the disease commences as Catarrh in the nose or head, the next step being to the throat and bronchial tubes—lastly to the lungs. How important then to give early and prompt attention to a Catarrh! To cure this loathsome disease, correct the system by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which tones it up, cleanses the blood, and heals the diseased glands by a specific influence upon them; and to assist, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche. This is the only way to reach the upper and back cavities where the discharge comes from. No danger from this treatment, and it is pleasant to use. The two medicines with instrument are sold by dealers in medicines.—[*Com.*]

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RECOLLECTIONS—1835.

My first case was one where the party was troubled with a constant pain about the stomach, but not confined to one spot. Many doctors had been consulted who all failed to relieve. I was sent for, and found the patient in bed suffering great distress from pain about centre of stomach. There was considerable nervous excitement; and the peculiar look which persons who have organic disease display. I made up my mind at once that it was one or more stomach worms, and administered six pills in molasses, washed down by warm milk. I remained by the bed watching the effect of the Pills. In about half an hour the patient became sick at the stomach, and threw up a worm fourteen inches long and one and one-half inches in circumference. It was very lively, and got out of the basin on to a black tea tray. Finally, I caught it and put it in a bottle, and exhibited it at 187 Hudson Street, New York, for years. I was permitted to refer to the patient who lived in Water Street, New York, and was perfectly cured from that time. This was in May, 1835.

My next case was a gentleman from Edmeston, Otsego County. He was afflicted with enlargement of the prostate gland, had consulted the great Mott, and all the best doctors of the country, who told him he could not be cured. He came to me in May, 1835. I explained how the pills would act in his case. He was so well content with my explanation that he purchased six dozen boxes of Pills, and went home. In less than six weeks he was perfectly cured, and sold me hundreds of dollars worth of *Brandreth's Pills* in Otsego County, New York.

Extracts from a letter dated Augusta, Me., addressed to B. Brandreth, April 9, 1876:

TUMOR CURED.

"For some years my daughter was troubled with a swelling in her side which, however, gave her no pain. After five or six years it increased in size, and our family physician pronounced it a very dangerous tumor of the womb. He commenced to prescribe for the case without helping it in the least. Her husband took her to consult the celebrated Dr. Mieggs, of Philadelphia. After very full examination the doctor said there was no help for her. Other physicians who were consulted gave the same opinion. As the tumor increased in size, her husband took her to consult Dr. Storrs, of Boston, who pronounced the case hopeless. 'She may,' he said, 'live some months or die in a fortnight; take her home and make her as happy as you can.' After her return from Boston she grew worse very fast, with great pain and swelling of her bowels. Our physicians at home—and we had two—said the tumor was of a scirrhus nature, and a case of cure was never known.

"She now suffered intolerable agony. For three weeks she had no ease night or day. All her food was thrown up within an hour after eating it. Opium, laudanum, morphine, did not relieve her and gave her no rest. In this dreadful state, I heard of *Brandreth's Pills*. They had been used by a neighbor with much good resulting therefrom. Upon further inquiry, I found the case altogether different from my daughter's. Still, we concluded to give the Pills a trial. God bless *Brandreth's Pills*, whose effects were crowned with perfect success.

"I gave the Pills in accordance with the printed instructions for their use. She rested a little the second day after giving them. This alone was a great comfort to patient and her friends. She continued the Pills and slept well, and her sleep was so sweet, like the sleep of childhood. I felt to continue the Pills, even though she could not be cured, was wise. So we used them right along, and we found the tumor perceptibly less in size and the vomiting after eating cured. Our doctor observed the change, but never asked me what I was doing for her; if he had, I should have told him she was using *Brandreth's Pills*. He called every few days and was very careful to explain that my daughter could not possibly recover. I gave her oatmeal gruel in small quantities for fear of exciting the vomiting again. But, to conclude, within three months from the commencement of your Pills the tumor was entirely gone. A tumor which one of our doctors said would weigh over thirty pounds. Yet, though the whole town of Augusta well know the above facts, the doctors, one and all, turn a deaf ear, and pooh, pooh; but my daughter is well, and has been for six years, and through the wonderful curative power of *Brandreth's Pills*."

W. L. WHEELER.

The above case, known to a whole town, will have no effect upon prejudiced medical men knowing all the facts. They are stiff-necked, the idea of Quackery blinds them to merit and the true principles of cure. Medical men themselves, as a rule, are the greatest Quacks; not the man who makes a medicine which carries out a theory and whose results prove its truth.

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B. BRANDRETH.

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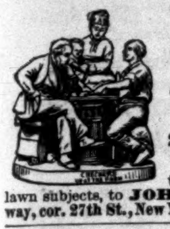

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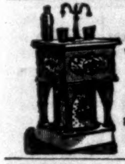

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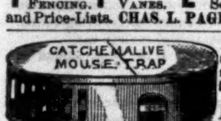

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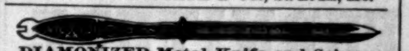

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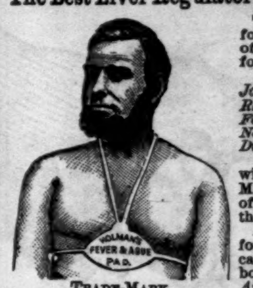

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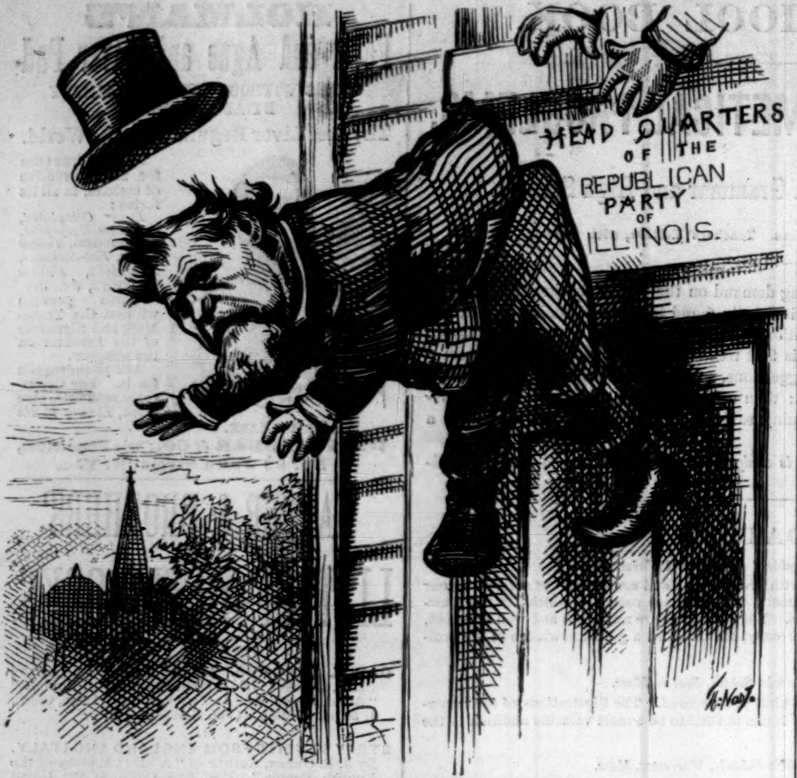
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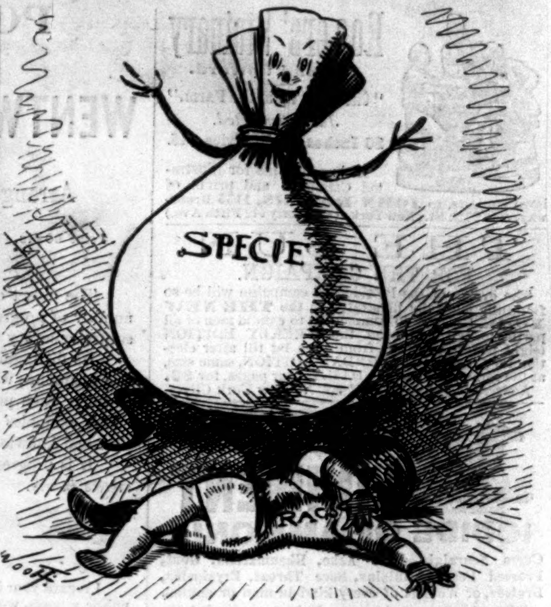

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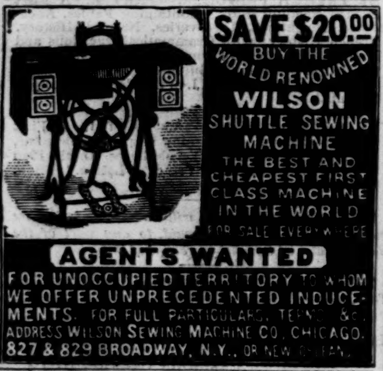

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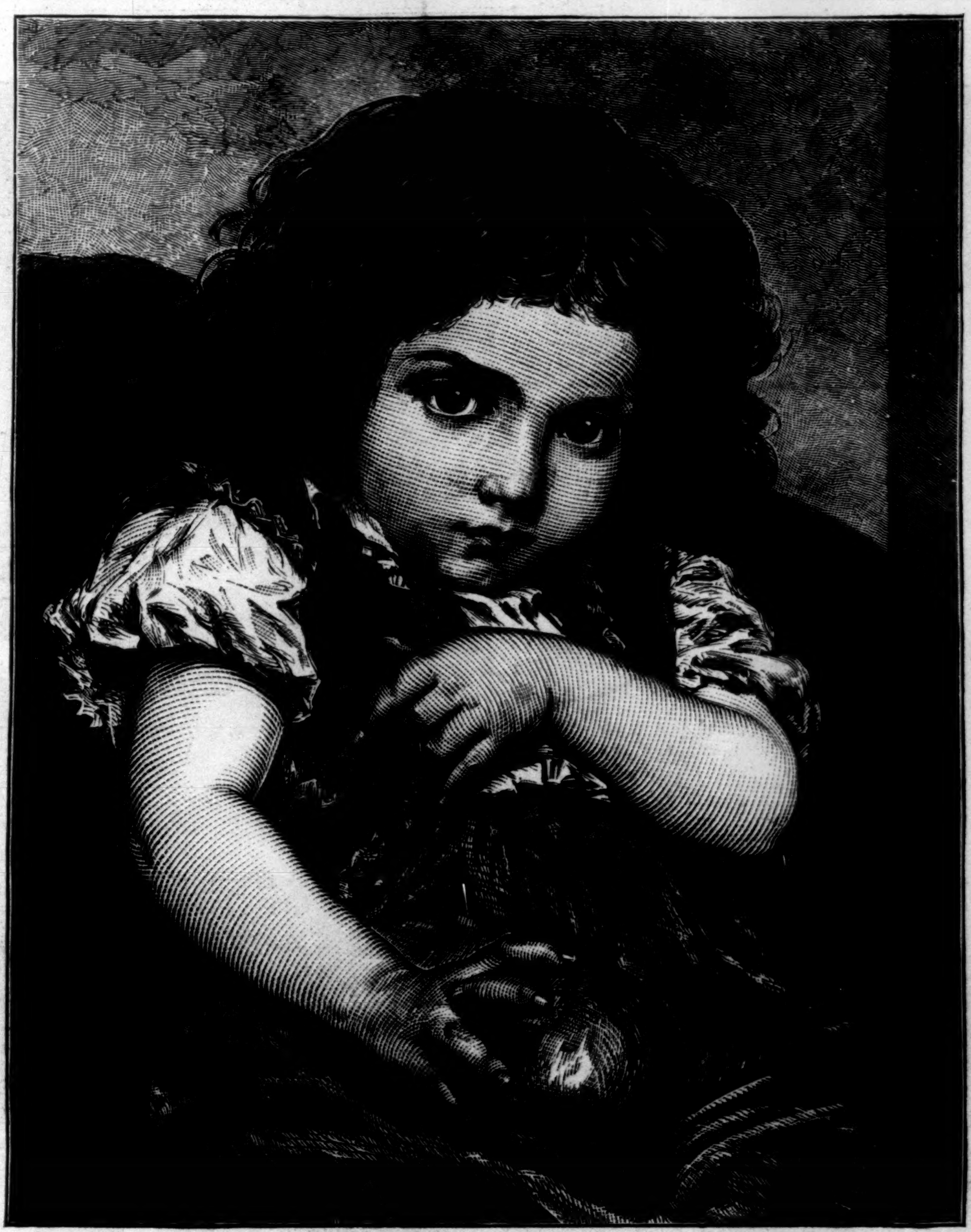
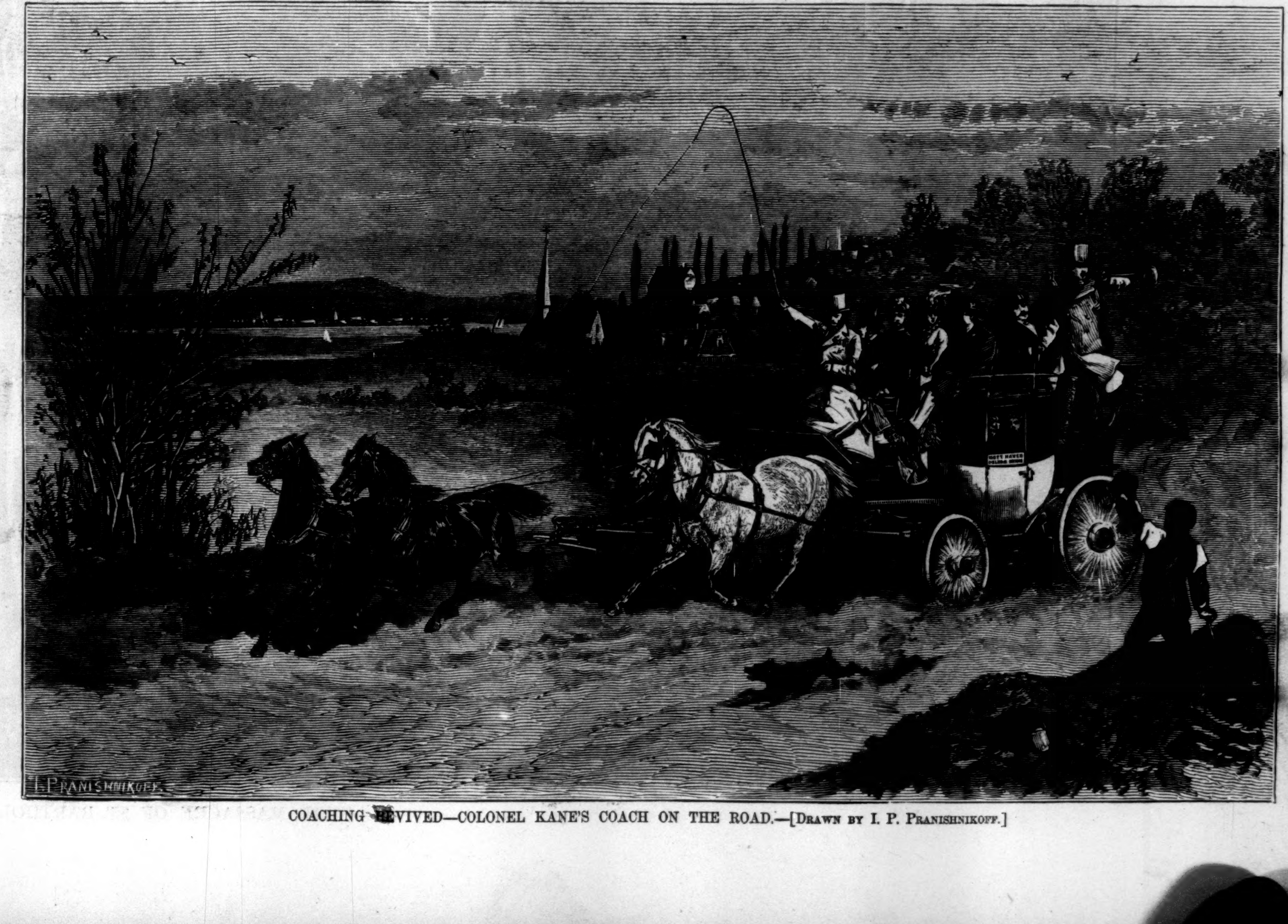


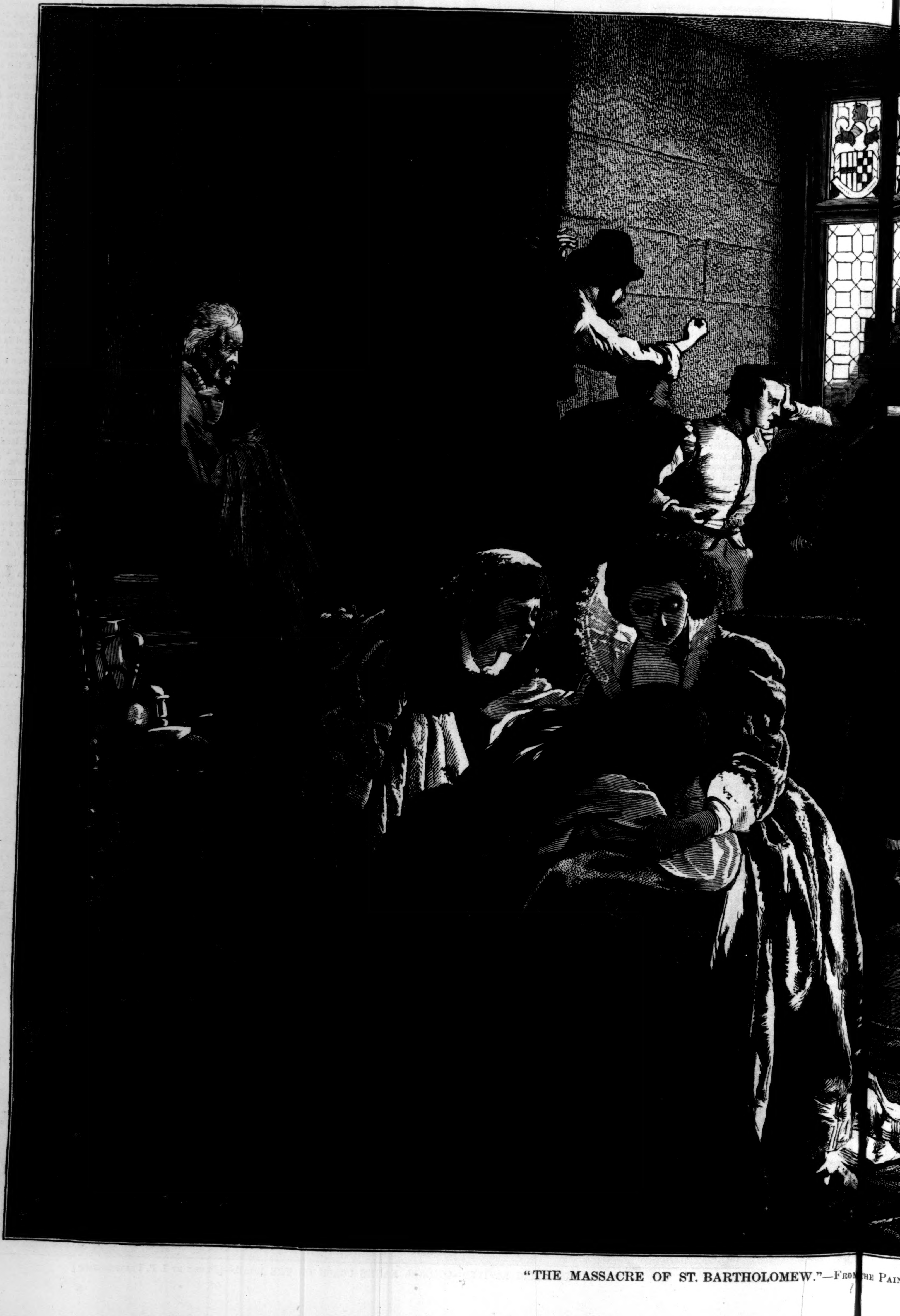
"THE SPOILED CHILD."—[FROM A PAINTING BY PIOT.]

Before the introduction of railroads, coaching in this country was a prosperous and extensive business, and the old stage routes are to this day the smoothest and best roads to be found, especially in the New England States and Eastern New York. Coach routes still exist in localities where the "iron horse" has not yet made its appearance. A line of stages runs from Canajoharie, on the New York Central Railroad, to Sharon Springs, a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, through a beautiful country, diversified with almost every kind of hill and valley scenery. There are several stage-coach lines traversing that rich rolling country in which the lakes of Western New York are set like great gems, and others are to be found in the northern part of the State winding around the foot-hills of the Adirondacks, and skirting the famous North woods. Although our country is lacking in the historical monuments and associations, and in the softened beauties of cultivated landscapes, which constitute one of the principal charms of stage-coach riding in England, this is counterbalanced by the greater boldness and variety of her natural scenery, and the charm of vast distances to be traversed and fresh attractions to be discovered. No stage route in the world equaled the old overland journey to the Pacific coast for extent, for romance, and adventure. Tame indeed is the railway trip in comparison! But except for short pleasure trips like Colonel KANE'S present enterprise, coaching must soon go out of date every where.

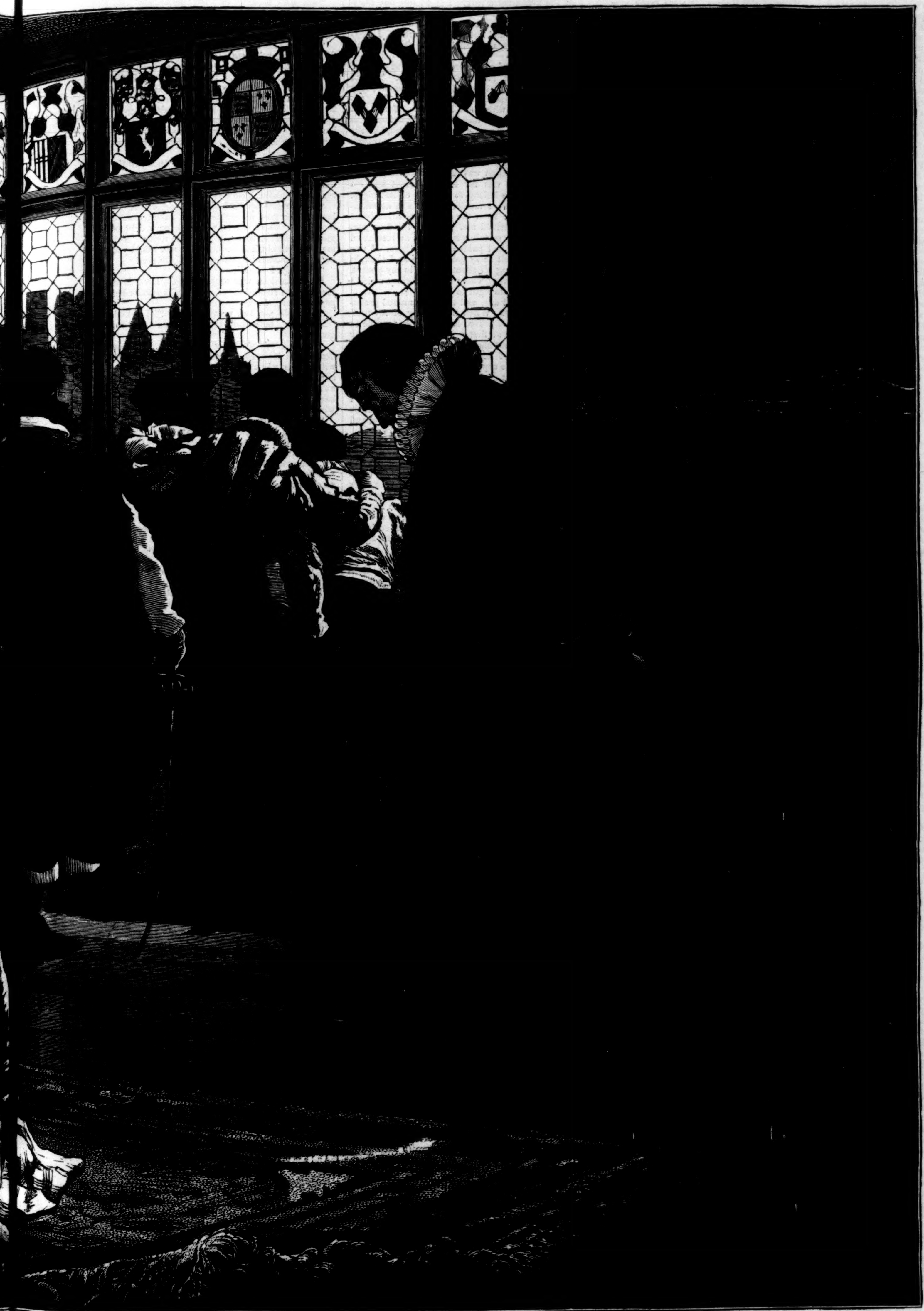
There are many charming routes from New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City on which coaches could be run, and the success which has attended Colonel KANE'S effort to place a healthful, delightful, and invigorating means of recreation within the reach of our citizens will doubtless incite others to engage in similar enterprises. A more pleasant excursion can not be imagined than a ride on one of these coaches in fine weather, where one is not only carried to a place where rest and recreation are to be found, but where every step of the way is fraught with keen enjoyment.



COACHING REVIVED—COLONEL KANE'S COACH ON THE ROAD.—[DRAWN BY I. P. PRANISHNIKOFF.]



"THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW."—FROM THE PAINT



om the Painting by P. H. Calderon, R. A.—[See Page 460.]